

# Rogue

DESIGNED FOR MEN

THE SWINGING GATE OF HORN!

JUNE 1962 • 60c



**CONTROVERSY: DATELINE: DEATH ROW! CHICAGO AS SEEN BY A CONDEMNED  
MAN • THE NECESSARY NEGRO ✶ HOW TO BE A BAREFOOT PROPHET • FICTION:  
ALFRED BESTER • HARLAN ELLISON • ARTICLES: W. L. GRESHAM • W. F. NOLAN**





YOU'LL LOOK SO SWEET on a bicycle built for . . . Or is that: You'll look so built on . . . Well, in any case, transportation and the mode thereof does present a problem to a surprisingly large segment of the public. Many people, for instance, tend to get confused by the plethora of claims: "Our cars have more ZOOM (or VOOM or even room); Our cars take less gas (have more glass, simply exude class); Our cars are milder." I mean, you can see why so many good citizens might bobble, bangle or even bead at the thought of buying a new car. Yet over 87% of our readers own cars and will need new ones. So why confuse them with a lot of claims? Advertise in these pages and have your own monopoly! Simply contact Nathan Katz Associates, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. Posthaste.



"WHEN A MAN starts suddenly out of sleep to find himself lying atop cold iron on the upper bunk of a windowless cell, he is stunned for a moment. For one long moment he doesn't know where he lies. Then he touches a ceiling just by lifting an arm or hears the stirring of another in the darkness beneath, or hears the tread of the tier-guard far down the tier—he remembers then so that his heart pains, beating faster.

"Yet even when everything comes clear once more—the long ride with the siren wailing—what the young lawyer said to the hard-eyed jury, what the old judge said to the young lawyer—even then a man must wonder, not quite understanding. Remembering boyhood, early yearning, love and hope and pain, he cannot wholly understand what has brought him to this place.

"Cook County jailhouse, say you're there. One to fourteen for robbery with a gun. First offense, white, male, native-born. Say that's what you're serving. Being first-offense, native born white like that helps a little . . . All the same, even one year is a hell of a stretch . . . After you stare through an opening in a blue-steel door for a week, ten years and ten months mean about the same thing. Before a month is out you feel that you've done a year . . ."

This description is from Nelson Algren's first novel, "Somebody in Boots." The book was written in the depression years of the thirties. But Cook County Jail hasn't changed much—the lonely penance of a prisoner doing hard time has changed not at all. And if Algren is right, if after a month you feel you've served a year—then what does it feel like after you've done nine years? Paul Crump is a 31-year-old Negro writer who could tell you. He's done that time, nine years of it, under sentence of death by electrocution. He was 22 years old and involved in a holdup in which a plant guard was killed. His time is almost up now, and if the U.S. Supreme Court refuses him a new trial, nothing but a commutation by the Governor of Illinois can save him.

What does it feel like after you've done nine years?

Read Crump's page 50 piece, a bittersweet prose poem to the city which plans to kill him, and you'll get some idea.

So much for tragedy (and this month we're running the gamut)—there's also comedy aplenty, nostalgia, and Features to Feast the Eyes Upon. Under the latter category, one of the James girls leads off—a swinging young songwriter named Barbara, who is sure to strike a responsive

chord with those among you who dig the form. See "The Many Sides of Miss James" on page 20. Another girl in the recording arts is dark-haired Peggy Evans, who appears on page 61. Not a songwriter or singer, Miss Evans' pretty face has adorned many a Columbia record jacket.

Yet another star of F.T.F.T.E.U. (Features to Feast the Eyes Upon) is pert young Coleen Whitman, June's ROGUE Girl, and—some will say—the prettiest of the lot. And don't miss "The Enchanted Lens," page 72.

Comedy is a staple this issue, ranging from the satiric snicker-producer to a genuine bellylaugh. The wildest, perhaps, is Robert G. Elliott's Perlemanesque page 70 put down of the "Medical Confession" magazines—"The Road to Piltdown, or Under the Spreading Remedy." Sharp-edged satirist Jack Sharkey is back this month—puncturing the egos of movie producers this trip. "The Whites of Their Eyes!" is Sharkey's answer to the problem of what Hollywood can do with all the old war-movie plots if peace comes to the world. Humor, too, is offered in fiction form by *SatEvePost* regular Robert Fontaine. "Cold Night in Washington" proves that politics—or at least the political scene—can make strange bedfellows.

Novelist Alfred Bester plays a double role—contributing both his regular monthly column, and a powerful piece about a party at Fire Island which accelerates to a shocking, surrealistic surprise. See "Death of a Bandit"—page 36. Another noted novelist, William Lindsay Gresham, explores the weird world of the cults in "How to Be a Barefoot Prophet"—a study in that peculiarly Southern California phenomenon. Also appearing: fictioneer Harlan Ellison, of whom Dorothy Parker has found some nice things to say (page 12).

Jerry Hopkins, a New Orleans reporter who moved to New York as a writer for Mike Wallace, blasts certain current attitudes of the "hippies" toward "The Necessary Negro." It's a highly controversial piece and will not please those who think it "cool" to collect Negro friends. Two pieces of unabashed nostalgia balance the foregoing: one, an atmospheric William F. Nolan article recalling aeronautic adventures and the times when "We Were All Aces"; the other, a prose description by cartoonist Shel Silverstein of the way it really was at "The Gate of Horn."

In sum, though this may not qualify as a "June-spoon-croon" issue, there are excitements and entertainments enough, deliberately designed to delight the eye and lift the spirits.

# ROGUE NOTES



BESTER



HOPKINS

ELLISON





# POST ROGUE



## TAKE COVER

Sirs:

I'm a very big ROGUE fan. Every month I buy ROGUE and look at the pictures. When I get it home, I even read it. It's delightful to find a men's book with some content. It's great to be able to read a men's magazine that isn't so pretentious that I feel that I'm overcompensating for something frightfully Freudian. In this respect ROGUE is a very "honest" magazine. (Migod! that sounds pompous—you'll have to excuse me on the grounds that I don't often dabble in letters to editors.) The only respect in which I find ROGUE misleading is the covers. I understand that this niggling misdirection might be some form of protective coloration, but I'm conceited enough to want to point out that I can see through it. Anyhow, your last cover (May 1962) was in the best tradition of "Vogue" magazine. What with the similarity in titles, it caused me to wonder if you were trying to snip off a piece of the woman's market until I checked out the inside and found the same old friend. On checking out previous issues, I found a "Redbook" cover, a "Seventeen" cover, a "Cosmopolitan" cover, I even found one that might have been a "Harper's" cover. Now—no one has ever mistaken a "New Yorker" cover for anything else, I understand that "McCall's" has had some success in developing an "image," and I am still able to distinguish between a "Post" cover and an "Arizona Highways" in spite of the highly touted metamorphosis, but I have never been able to look at the face, as it were, of your magazine and say, "Now there is a ROGUE cover." Why?

Andrew Sutton  
Montreal, Quebec  
Canada

*Because there isn't a formula in the house—we don't like pat answers.*

## NEUROTIC BIVALVES

Sirs:

Way back in your March issue you ran a short poem about the confused love life of the oyster. I have been left more confused than the bivalves in the poem. What does Richard Gordon mean by . . . (oysters) "don't know what sex they will be nex?"

Harold Manx  
Kansas City, Mo.

*Maybe this will straighten you.*

Sirs:

Fifteen years ago I was requested by a major oil company to organize a research program on the mortality of oysters in the Louisiana offshore bays. Investigations revealed that the "Spat," or new born oyster is always

a male. The Spat floats in the bay and ultimately attaches itself to an oyster reef, still maintaining his manliness.

During the spawning season, each lady oyster delivers eight million eggs (somebody else counted them), and the poor gentleman, fastened to the rock has to fertilize the floating avalanche of oyster eggs. This is such a frustrating and exhausting experience (it's the period when you had better not eat oysters) that the gentleman decides to become a lady and let the new generation take over this unrewarding sexual obligation.

My congratulations to you and Richard Gordon on "Love On The Half Shell," which is well written and true to the facts.

Gardy, Ph.D.  
Houston, Texas

## RAKE'S PROGRESS

Sirs:

I read with interest Dr. Bergen Evans article about the Earl of Rochester. While I was in Europe, I was able to read a good many of the works ascribed to Rochester and found that for the most part they weren't nearly as pornographic as they were uproariously funny. Dr. Evans mentioned in the article that a number of copies of "Sodom" were in the closed sections of various libraries. I am not a professor, but I am a student of English literature and an entire area in this literature is lost to me. Assuming that I could locate a library that had a copy under lock and key in my area, how would I go about getting past the librarians to get a look at it?

Fred Casner  
Baltimore, Md.

*I think you have to prove conclusively that you couldn't possibly be interested.*

Sirs:

Is Bergen Evans actually serious when he states that King Charles "raised thirteen of his illegitimate children to the highest nobility"? Including the Duke of Albany? Why that would mean that most of England's present day royalty are children of bastards. Wouldn't it?

Marylou Perkins  
Columbus, Ohio

*He is and it would.*

## FLUGPLATZ

Sirs:

In Mack Reynolds' article on soaring, you showed a photo of a WW II German jeep used as a tow car. I've never seen anything like it. What is it?

Ed Finley  
Los Angeles, Calif.

*It's the bellicose model Volkswagen.*





# Rogue

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UNDRESS p. 72



REPRESS p. 12

SUCCESS p. 64





# BESTER'S WORLD

(Bester say: Man who covet chick of Cathay must take Wok on Wild Side. Or: It is written that in bucking law of averages, man sometimes end up with Egg Foo Yong on face.)

## GIRLFOOT BARE WITH TEAK OF CHAN

THE CHINESE have always fractured me, starting with Charlie Chan, and finishing with Linda Li. You don't know about Linda, yet. Wait for her.

I broke into radio back in the forties writing the Charlie Chan show. One of my headaches was the fact that Chan (Ed Begley) had to keep deflating his No. 1 Son (Leon Janney) with "It has been written" lines. "It has been written that no man can applaud with one hand." "Sage has said: One ounce of truth outweighs pounds of lies." And so on. I bought dozens of books about China to steal these aphorisms, and after reading them, I became genuinely interested in the country and its culture.

I started hanging around Chinatown to pick up local color, and also picked up a powerful penchant for Chinese food. This became so strong that once, when I was loaded with loot, I seriously considered hiring a Chinese chef. I know that when I made my first trip abroad, I dug out a Chinese restaurant in every city I visited. Some of them, in London, Paris and Rome, were wild.

So when I read this piece in a Sunday supplement about courses in Chinese cooking at the China Institute, I tore it out and pinned it up on my kitchen bulletin board, and when time came for the course to begin, I went up to the China Institute, paid my tuition fee, and walked into the introductory lecture.

It was a class of twenty women and one man, me. I cased the dolls. Half of them were serious housewives in their fifties, intent on the business at hand. The other half were frustrated secretaries, all crows, looking for something to occupy their spare time, of which they had plenty, I'm sure. There was one attractive girl, but from the way she kept stealing glances at the sparkling engagement and wedding rings on her left hand, she was obviously a newlywed resolved to do right by the bridegroom. I decided to get the hell out. Then Teacher entered.

She looked like an Oriental fashion model. Great dark eyes, wide and slanted, a delicate nose, pouting little mouth. Her honey-colored skin was so transparent that you could see the tracery of blue veins in her temples. She was about five-five, very erect, and walked like a princess. "Ladies!" she murmured over the prattle. "Ladies! Ladies!" Then she noticed me.

The corner of her mouth quirked. "And sir," she added. "May I have your attention, please. My name is Linda Li."

Naturally I stayed for the full course, which was given evenings in the basement of the Institute. There were two long tables, the length of the room. At the upper end were a couple of stoves, and a large kitchen table for demonstrations, with a mirror over it so I could watch Linda Li's delicate hands desecrating themselves with chicken entrails. We would come in around five-thirty, watch Teacher demonstrate the preparation of a dish, receive the raw ingredients ourselves, and prepare and cook the dishes. Then we'd eat them.

The first night (Barbecued Spare Ribs and Sweet and Sour Pork) I devised a few special questions to ask Teacher after the demonstration so I could get her alone in a corner. It didn't work. Each time I got a little intimate conversation going, some fink would yell: "Miss Li! Miss Li! Is it a quarter cup of Soy Sauce or three tablespoons?" And by God! when the class was finished, they drafted me to do the dishes. While the twenty crows sang "It's so nice to have a man around the house," Teacher slipped out.

She eluded me the next few classes, always with that quirk in the corner of her mouth. But when we were taken down to Chinatown one Saturday for a lecture on what and how to buy in Chinese Supermarkets, I trapped Linda between the bok choy and the ginger-root, and coaxed her out for a drink. The rest of the class went home, laden with cleavers, chopping blocks and Woks. (The Wok, pronounced "walk," is a giant metal basin in which all Chinese food is cooked.) Teacher and I went to a bar in a restaurant, where the handsome young owner, dressed in Madison Avenue uniform, joked with her in crackling Cantonese. I hated him.

We drank Gibsons, and I found out a little about her. In her soft, nicely managed voice, she told me that she was twenty-four years old, was born in Hawaii, and was a mixture of Chinese, Korean, and Hawaiian. The family moved to Hong Kong when she was five, where she learned to speak Chinese, and nearly forgot her English.

She told fascinating stories about cooking in China: how the chefs work at coal ranges which can't be regulated like American stoves. The chefs control cooking heat by holding the heavy Woks higher and lower above the fires with one hand while they stir-fry with the other; and how the fine recipes must be rediscovered each generation.

(Concluded on page 80)





# BASIC BLOCH

(Checkmated by a Truck Stop on Route 66, author and adventurer Bob Bloch finds the old west can be a real Thriller; or, Through Cowboy Country with Gun and Chimera.)

## OH BURY ME NOT...

LET IT BE CLEARLY understood from the beginning that I'm no outdoorsman. I've got hair on my chest, yes, but I have no desire to singe it over a campfire or decorate it with icicles during a frozen vigil in a duck-blind. When it comes to hunting and fishing, I'm handicapped by a complete lack of manual dexterity. Put a casting-rod in my hand and I'm liable to knit you a monofilament afghan with the line.

Nevertheless, I've just returned from a trout-fishing expedition in Arizona, and it was a swinger all the way.

Bullhead City, on the Colorado just below Davis Dam, is about three hundred miles from Los Angeles. The route winds through mountain country and across deserts, skirting perils our pioneer forefathers never knew. Most of these danger-spots are plainly labelled with signs reading: "Eat."

One particular eatery, in a town which shall be nameless (Nameless, Calif., pop. 112) was one of the worst. I suspect the cook was a direct descendant of the chef who accompanied the original Donner Party on its ill-fated venture into anthropophagism. I became suspicious the moment I saw the word, "Mother" tattooed on my roast beef, just below the American eagle. Of course, as is customary in these ptomaine-palaces, everything on the menu was fried, including the coffee. That goes for the pies, too, and the flies on top of them.

Driving along through the desert, we passed through an interminable stretch of flatland where our Tank Corps troops trained for W.W. II. The embankment bordering the road is decorated for a thirty-mile stretch with names and initials formed by arranging stones in the sand. Often the individual letters are six feet high, and took thousands of matched pebbles to form. I was told that these formations constituted the sole recreation of the enlisted men on their Sundays off; sitting in the middle of nowhere under a desert temperature of 120°, they spent weeks spelling out *Joe* and *Mary*, to say nothing of an infrequent *Sylvester*. Nothing to joke about, really: some of those names have endured the weathering of the desert for the past twenty years and may well remain untouched for centuries, while their owners are already long since dust, mingled with the sands of Iwo Jima and North Africa. Those pebbled *Mikes* and stony *Sams* are, in a way, their only epitaphs.

The mountains around the Colorado River are wild and lonely; cougar hold forth in fastnesses where no white man's boot or Indian's moccasin has ever trod. In the arroyos are the fresh droppings of herds of wild horses.

And up in the hills, on the dirt roads and old trails which disappear during flash-floods, abandoned gold mines pit the cliffsides. The shaft-entrances gape out like the toothless mouths of old men. You see scores of such caverns on the back road to Oatman.

Oatman was a miner's camp in the days when men sought gold here in the hills instead of a hundred miles north, at the tables of Las Vegas. During one two-year period, \$18,000,000 in nuggets and dust came out of this little town in the middle of nowhere.

Claims are still staked and held, but operations have long since ceased, with the passing of the gold standard.

The stone and 'dobe houses are gutted and gone, and only the foundations remain on the steep slopes bordering the shaft areas.

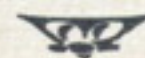
In the center of what was once metropolitan Oakman stands a wedge-shaped two-story structure, the most imposing edifice in the community. Long since deserted, it remains as a monument to a way of life. The first floor was a saloon and dance-hall, conventionally arranged. Access to the second story was by outside stairways on either side of the building. These led to a railed balcony encircling the sides. From the balcony one could gain entrance to any one of dozens of doors—row upon row of them. Each door opened on a tiny crib.

Six days of backbreaking toil, sweating under a desert sun or burrowing in the black bowels of the cliffs (cooler there, but you still sweat when you think about the last cave-in) and six nights of shivering in an 8x10 cabin or open lean-to out in the middle of nowhere. And on the seventh day, the seventh night, a journey up those stairs. You probably had to stand in line to wait for the favors of the inmates—and it's easy to imagine the limited charms of a female who'd end up in a desert crib house.

Driving back, we watched the sun set the mountains on fire, searing the peaks with flames of scarlet, orange and gold. Then the moon bathed them with cool streams of purple and silver.

Fire and water and enduring rock; this is the West. The West the miners saw, and the whores, and the soldiers and pioneers and Indians before them; the West I saw, and the West others will see millennia after I have gone.

Oh, yes, I went trout-fishing and caught my limit. But I brought back something else . . .





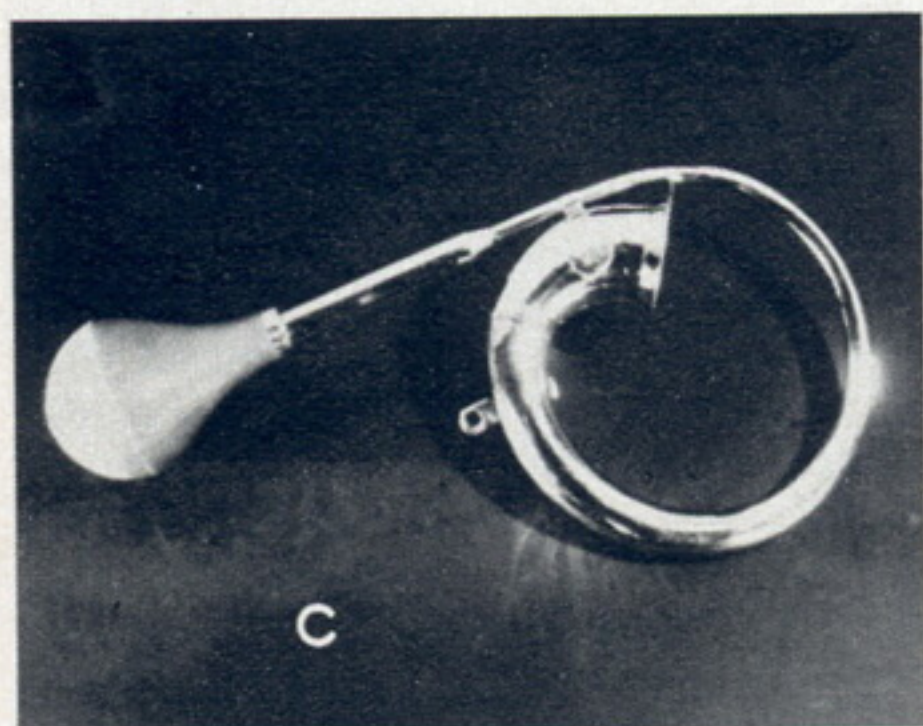
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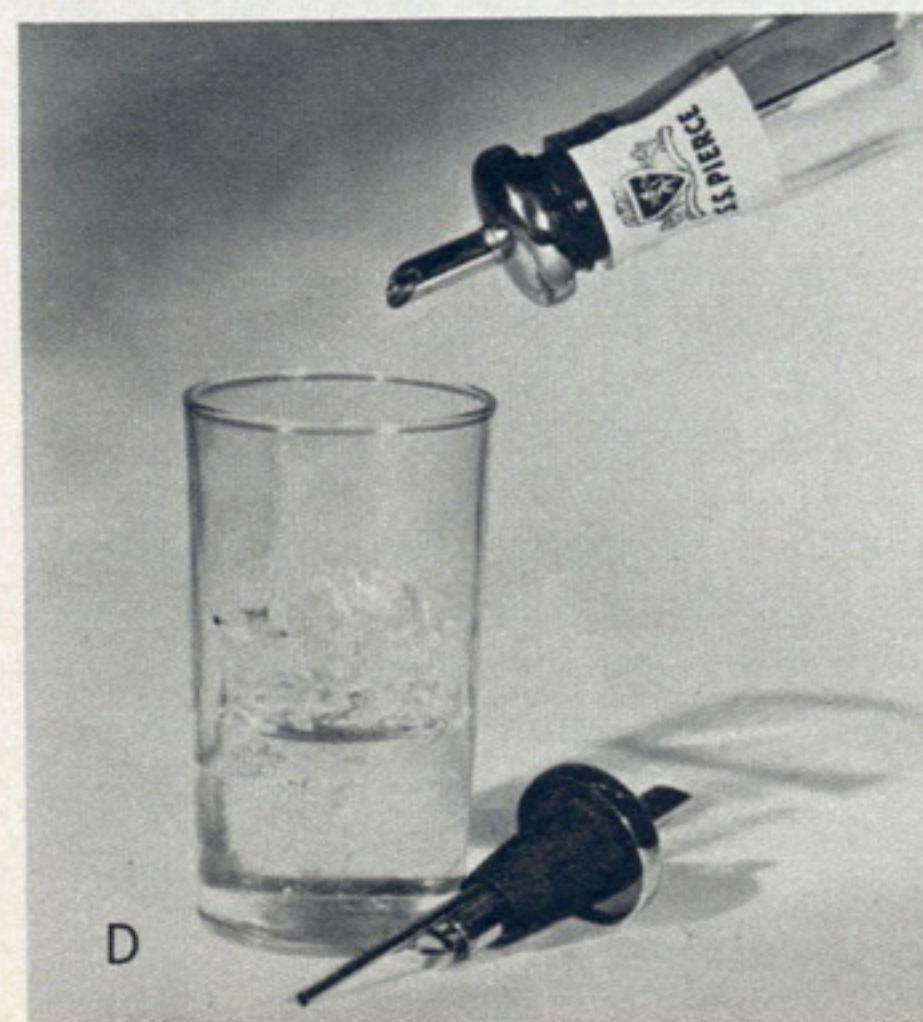
**NEVER DRINK BEFORE FIVE:** rejoice! Your worries are over because it's always 5 o'clock with this new Cocktail Watch. Swiss-made jeweled watch is shock-proof and anti-magnetic, keeps time like any good watch, of course, the gold numerals being the only difference. Has second hand, golden anodized case, leather strap. Drink up!  
\$14.95 Order number 41 A



**SEVEN SISTER STEP-INS:** how many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve-hugging embroidered panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast they come in seven different delicious colors? The filigree box can be used as a jewel case.  
\$6.95 Order number 41 B



**20" BOMBAY TAXI HORN:** first used in India in 1900, is still the favorite today. Its unique appearance and strident bellow will attract as much attention as any horn made. Nickel on brass; easily installed on your car.  
\$14.95 Order number 41 C

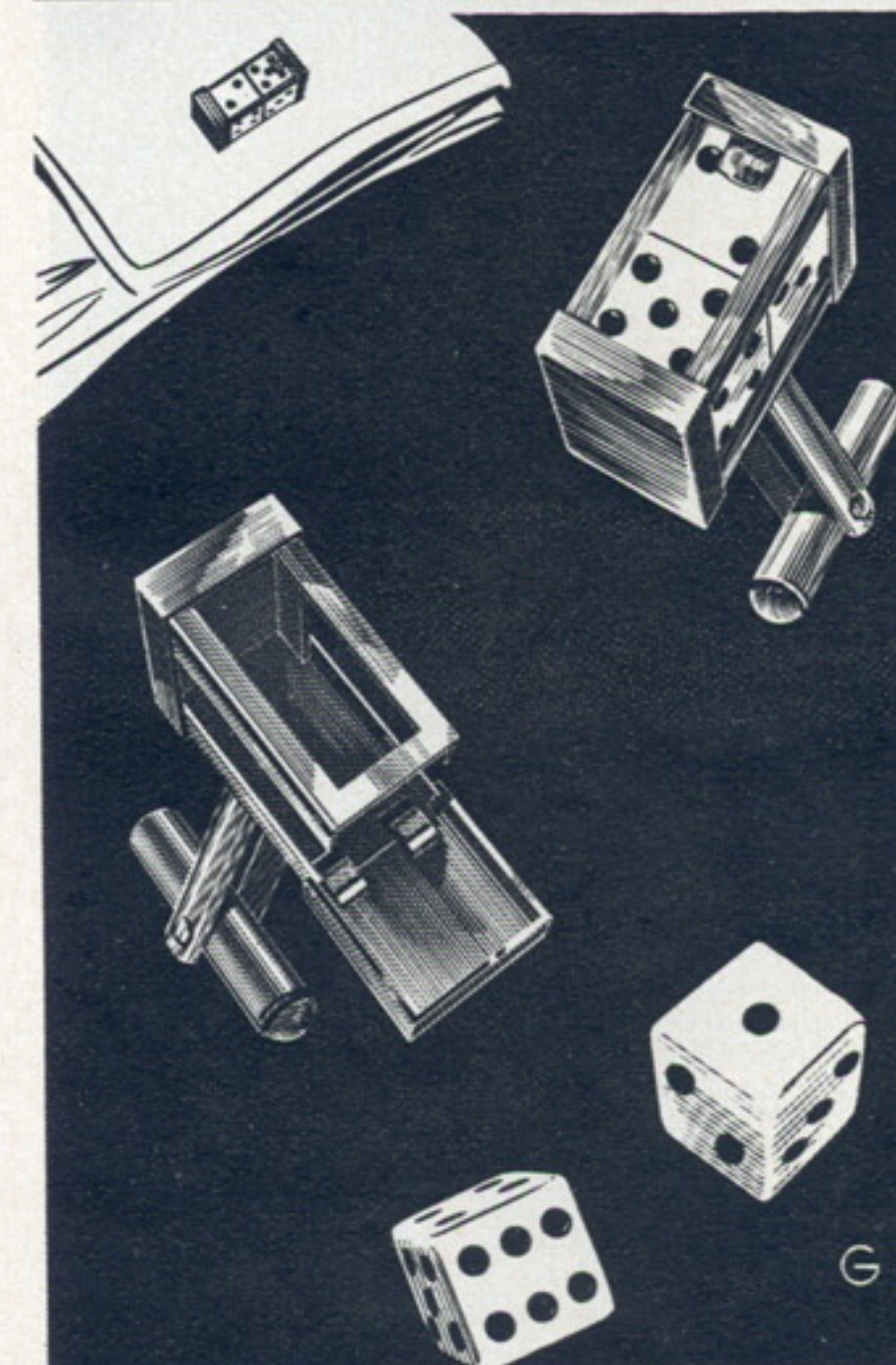
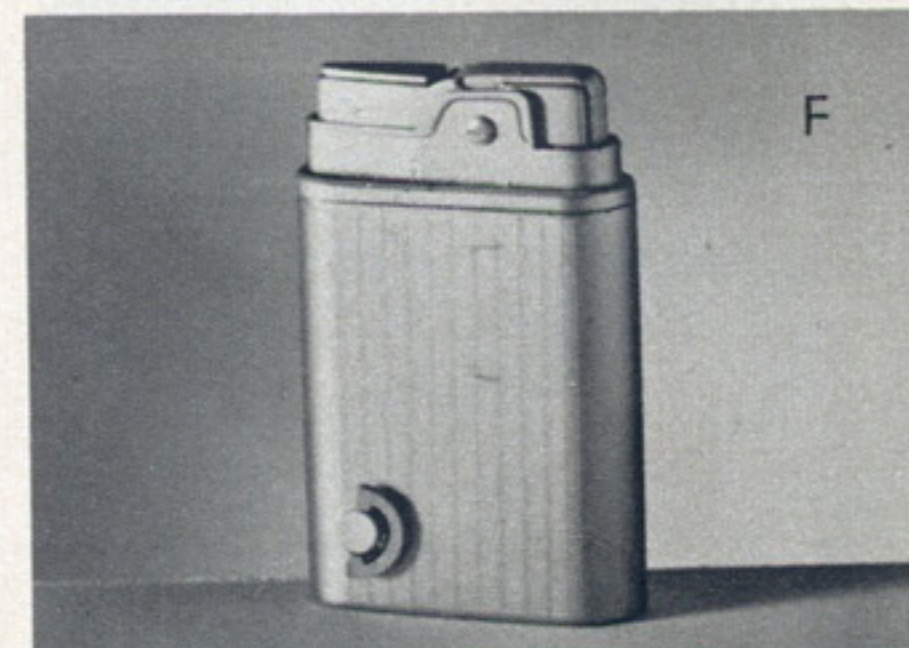


**HOW TO BE JIGGERED!** You've envied the professional bartender his ability to fill a shot glass right to the brim with a flick of the wrist. Now you too can be just as proficient. This imported automatic drink pourer does it all for you. Completely adjustable from one shot to infinity; all you need do is adjust a set screw. Fully chrome plated.  
\$2.95 Order number 41 D

**COCKTAILS FOR TWO:** if you're tired of the usual cocktail party rounds, you might try a new kind—tete a tete—exclusive for two. This is a sparkling four piece set that clearly labels the participants at your gathering: a glass for You, a glass for Me, a stirrer that sets the pace, and a shaker for Two.  
\$3.95 Order number 41 E

**MUSICAL LIGHTER:** this engineering masterpiece plays "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," as it lights cigarettes! A proven charmer for all smokers this unique import is equally suitable for men and women. Handsomely styled, classically fluted case has gleaming gold finish. Gift-boxed, this conversation starter is guaranteed as to performance and satisfaction.  
\$4.95 Order number 41 F

**INSTANT ACTION:** with these dice cuff-links in place on your wrists you'll always be Johnny-on-the-Spot! The gold-plated cuff-links would be an eye-catcher even without the dice, but the cubes are instantly removable, making this remarkable European import something no Rogue can afford to be without! Get a pair today!  
\$6.95 Order number 41 G



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41A 41B 41C 41D  
41E 41F 41G

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NAME .....

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ONE OF THE JOBS you could get stuck with if you worked for a newspaper is headline writing. A printers-ink-in-the-veins type that we know once said, "One good headline writer is worth ten good reporters." He must be right because he owns stock in the paper he works for. Anyhow it takes training to be a headline writer. One of the ways of training a headline writer is to let him write headlines for the back part of the paper. Some of the trainees have a long way to go if this random sampling from a single issue of the *Chicago Sun Times* is any indication. See if you can figure any of these out. Invent a story to go with them. See if you can't make the story as incomprehensible as the headlines. It's a game.

MISSION TO SELL PORT ABROAD.  
Homely Potato in Price Tug-of-War.  
"GLAMOR"—THE NEW COSMIC FORCE.

*Revolutions Of Rising Neuroses Grips Mankind.*

GOP SEES GAINS IN REMAP RULING.

PAR FOR PEOPLE REACHERS.  
SPRING THROWING HINTS.

High Rise Quarters Called Tax Angel.  
SNUBBING POTTED PLANTS?

*White's Selection Stirs Study of Effect on Court's Balance.*

Admittedly, if you read on into the stories you might be a little more enlightened. But we defy you to make sense out of any one of these without resorting to pure fantasy.

## BILL OF FARE, U.S.A.

Chicago, Illinois

THIS COLUMN is usually a collection of observations made in our own wanderings, through correspondence with friends, or by free-lance writers turned reporters whom we trust to be judges of good places to eat, dance, drink, and generally have fun. We don't have any rules on what sort of place is to be covered here—except that we like it—and as a result we mention a number of very well known and established places in one city one month, and a gaggle of small, out of the way spots the next. So, if we ever do your home town and don't mention your idea of the best spot to spend an evening it's not because the manager insulted us, it's probably that we just never got there.

About a week ago, two of us were sitting around talking to Joe Moore, manager-owner of the *No Exit Cafe* (908 Foster Ave.) in suburban Evanston, where we keep our offices. Joe, being of a straightforward nature, said, "Why don't you cover the place in the *Bill of Fare* column?"

"Well," we said, "we did mention the place when it first opened."

"Sure," he said, knowing he already had us, "but that was some time ago and we've made a lot of changes since then. I'm starting out with an experiment in improvisational theatre this week, we have folksingers and chess clubs, and this is just about the only place left on the north side of Chicago where you can hear good jazz."

That's where he had us. You can hear pretty good folksinging in any number of coffee houses; chess clubs abound; and in Chicago it's getting hard to keep track of all the really good things happening in intimate theater. Good jazz is a different problem. It is impossible to keep track of all the jazz clubs changing hands and entertainment policies. There are hard jazz clubs and cocktail jazz clubs and supper clubs with maybe a jazz pianist. There is only one place we know of where we can hear the kind of music that jazzmen are talking about and that's the Saturday afternoon session at the *No Exit*, where the Dick Kroll Quartet holds forth with free jazz. Kroll is a saxophonist with a "here-and-around" sort of history, part of which was a short stint with one of Gerry Mulligan's groups. With him is Ira Sullivan on the trumpet and whatever else he feels like bringing along; Donald Garrett, who is doing the finest bass work we've ever heard (or imagined) in the area of free jazz, and Robert Barry, a drummer who was described by a master of the understatement as "tasteful"—with one of the best tuned senses of rapport we've seen in any jazz group. This is important, because of the demands made on the drummer in a free jazz group, where the time or key or even mood is liable to be changed at any time, practically at the whim of the soloist. We've heard Ira Sullivan in various bags during the last couple of years and have invariably been impressed, but never so much as we are with the work he's doing now.

The *No Exit Cafe* also has a selection of good coffees. So, we thought Joe had a pretty good argument for getting his plug.

While we were at it, we decided to take a quick tour around some of our other favorite spots to let you in on them. If any of the following sounds like we're trying to do favors for various friends, we probably are. We generally get to know managers and bartenders at places we like enough to spend time there.

For instance we met one of these friends while we were covering (i.e., quietly beer-drinking in) his near northside bar, *Moody's Pub* (1529 N. Wells St.). Since then, his place has

# ROGUE ABOUT TOWN





had such well deserved success that he has opened another, larger bar a little further north at 1802 N. Larabee. It's called **Moody's #2**, and if the name is no innovation, the place makes up for it with numerous other forms of originality. It's easily the most interesting *looking* bar in the city, with stained glass windows, strange Victorian iron fences, bank teller's cages, a fountain, two fireplaces, and rough-hewn wood paneling in alternate shades, textures and shapes. Most of all though, it's a good place to go and talk, drink, and know you're not going to be bothered by a juke box or a bowling machine.

Right next door to the original Moody's Pub is the best place in town to get a hamburger. They call them "steakburgers" at **Chances R** (1533 N. Wells St.) but the things are so good with a slice of onion, a little mustard and a foaming stein of draft beer that we have to forgive them for this. Chances R has one of the more tasteful turn-of-the-century decors around—a couple of big barroom nudes in gilt frames, an autographed photo of a boxer in fighting stance on the back mirror, and a floor that gets pretty deep in peanut shells as the evening wears on.

Further south on Wells Street, we were invited into a place for a drink and a look, and ran into one of those completely captivating surprises that leave you hung up for adjectives. The place is called **The Rising Moon** (1305 N. Wells St.), in what appears to be a little Chicago Fire reconstruction building that looks like one story from the outside, but inside appears to be one room about three stories high, with a heavy, wood balcony running around two sides, a huge, old hand-carved Welsh altar table, a tiny stage and the most energetic folk act we've

seen. The New Wine Singers—there are five of them—are on stage continually from the opening number until time to push the last customer out the door.

At times, all five will be on stage tearing it up with an IRA rouser or a big, proud version of "This Land Is Your Land." Then three will split for a beer, leaving a couple behind to do a quieter set. Then they will introduce one of the others who does some ballads or maybe some comic folk stuff. Then somebody joins him, and pretty soon the stage is full again and the whole thing starts all over. Their repertory runs the whole gamut of "popular" folk, commercial, dialect, hip, and ethnic singing. As far as we know, they never repeat a song during the evening.

The New Wine Singers came from another Rising Moon in Cleveland, Ohio, where they were so successful that they came to Chicago to start their own club out of their own pocket. There is only a \$2.50 minimum on weekends; what with the low drink prices, the Rising Moon is one of the city's best entertainment bargains.

## THEATER

OLD MUSICALS, new musicals, good musicals and bad ones are finding their way to the smaller theaters and younger casts of off-Broadway. An enthusiastic revival of the John LaTouche-Jerome Moross musical, "The Golden Apple," originally opened on Broadway several years ago, is currently at the York.

"The Golden Apple" is based on the old Menelaus-Helen-Paris triangle, placed in the state of Washington at the time of the Spanish-American War. Aside from a very weak male chorus, the talent displayed is fresh,

The New Wine Singers, caught in the rare act of holding still, are: Gustie Hervey, who is the only girl in the group and has red hair; Malcolm Hale, with guitar; John Scott, with beard; Bob Connelly, with girl; and Bill Molloy, with banjo.



The Dick Kroll Quartet, sans Kroll who moves around a lot. Shown are Ira Sullivan, trumpet; Donald Garrett, bass; Robert Barry, drums.

vital and exuberant. A good thing, too, because "The Golden Apple" is entirely musical—there are no spoken lines at all—and is very demanding.

Roberta MacDonald, as Helen, uses her comic abilities and very good voice to portray the restless, sexy girl bored with small town, small time goings on. She runs off with Paris (Michael Dominico), a slicker from the nearby city of Rhododendron. Ulysses, played by Stan Page, leads the home town boys off to rescue Helen. They do so rather more easily than the Greeks accomplished it; and Ulysses is left for all of Act II to continue his fabled wanderings.

Swen Swenson, a young man of exceptional talent, plays Hector Charrydis. Dressed in white tie and tails, he guides Ulysses through adventure after adventure with updated versions of Calypso, Scylla, Circe and such. Mr. Swenson is a performer of such great vitality, imagination and intelligence that he virtually eclipses all others in the show, good as they are. He is an agile, highly skilled dancer and he handles top hat and cane with an ease that is delightful to watch. Jane Connell brings her own brand of madcap comedy to her portrayal of the double role of Lovey Mars (Aphrodite) and The Siren.

Thanks to Bill Hargate's ingenious sets, the production flows effortlessly through thirteen scene changes. Not only are his designs highly economical but they are inventive as well; the backdrop of mountains is made of calico. His costumes, too, are immaculate and colorful. Dorothy Olin and Gerald Krone are responsible for bringing back "The Golden Apple."

## RECORDS

IF YOU ARE one of those people who listen to Mahalia Jackson to dig the piano as well as Mahalia's magnificent singing, you would do well to pick up



on Don Shirley's latest release. **Drown In My Own Tears** (Cadence, CLP 3057) features a nice collection of evergreen and earthy blues ballads, rearranged by Shirley to get the essence of revival meeting and rhythm & blues effects—kind of “distilled gospel.” Being distilled, it's more sterile than the real thing, but it's all done with such taste and consummate musicianship, that we can't put it down for not being “authentic.” For instance, in the title song, Shirley uses the piano and organ as almost a parody of the sort of playing you hear on the late Sunday night revival broadcasts—close harmony block chords and repetition—but with honest respect for the emotional power of this sort of music. In an adaptation of the Ray Charles arrangement of “Just For A Thrill,” Shirley uses his ability for parody to point out some of the more obvious trite and over-used tricks that almost all arrangers—rhythm and blues, gospel and popular—use to inject a little excitement into standard phrases and bridges. Even if you don't recognize the parody, you'll have to agree that these are pretty agreeable sounds.

□

A LOT OF JAZZ ARTISTS who sell a lot of records for the small recording houses seem to sign with Columbia Records as soon as the option comes up. And often their first release with Columbia is an encouraging extension of their established technique, or something new and wild that a smaller record house might not have been able to take a chance on. Then come the gaggle of low key mass market albums. Miles Davis' recording history with Columbia seems to be falling into this pattern—when he first signed with them some of the best and most exciting stuff he has done was released including his great collaborations with Gil Evans, “Porgy And Bess” and “Sketches Of Spain.” Now, when he is more successful than ever, and when he has the best group around him that he has ever mustered, his latest album is a beautifully packaged bit of mediocrity, **Someday My Prince Will Come** (Columbia, CS 8456) with Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Hank Mobley, Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers, and Jimmy Cobb. For all the promise that this list of names holds out, there is nothing exciting here.

□

so MUCH of Bill Evans' jazz piano work has such a low pressure, restrained quality that it would be easy to dismiss it as “cocktail jazz.” Ac-

tually we are pleased, but surprised, that more people haven't. **Waltz For Debby: The Bill Evans Trio** (Riverside, RLP 399) is a new release from the same set of tapes as Evans' previous release, “Sunday At The Village Vanguard” (RLP 9376). In previous releases, it has always been possible to trace Evans' development—he has the policy of not releasing anything new until he thought he had something new to say. Both albums, taped on the same day in 1961 show off the best of Bill Evans to that date. They also feature some of the last and most impressive work of the late bassist Scot LaFaro. Before his death, LaFaro was often irritatingly referred to as “promising.” As far as we're concerned, LaFaro had already made it.

□

ANOTHER commercial folksinging trio? We were about to say “Ho-hum” and dismiss them until one of their songs caught our attention and we started to listen closer. **The Travelers 3** (Elektra, EKL 216) is the title of the release and, not surprisingly, the trio. They look like the usual fresh-faced collegians with an unlikely difference—two of them are fresh-faced Hawaiian collegians. The song that caught us is called “Land Of Oden”; it is a captivating little fantasy about a mountain a thousand miles high in a mythical world, and its insignificance to eternity—e.g. Zen folksinging. We get the impression from listening to their record that The Travelers Three have a stage act that we'd like to catch. And she will.

□

THERE'S A PARTICULARLY impressive stack of classical releases from London Records—three albums of music by 19th Century French composers recorded by Ernest Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande: Franck's “Symphony in D Minor” and “Le Chasseur Maudit” (“The Accursed Huntsman”) (CS 6222); Debussy's “Images” and Ravel's “Pavanne for a Dead Princess” along with Stravinsky's “Symphonies for Wind Instruments” (CS 6225); and Faure's “Pelleas et Melisande,” “Penelope Prelude,” and “Masques et Bergamasques” along with Debussy's “Petite Suite.” Also from London comes the Vienna Philharmonic Quartet playing Mozart's Quartets Nos. 20 and 22 (K.499 and K.589, respectively) in stereo (CS 6231); and a recording of Shakespeare's “King Lear” (OSA 1414) by the Marlowe Society and “professional players” otherwise unidentified.



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**Plaudits from Parker:** *The stories on these pages are Harlan Ellison's first short pieces in more than a year. Basically he is a novelist—and a successful one. Ellison's first national critical reception to date was with a collection of short stories entitled "Gentleman Junkie" (Regency, 50¢). Over half of those selected for this paper-*

*fiction* **By HARLAN ELLISON**

## ROBERT BLAKE'S UNIVERSE

AND THIS IS WHAT Robbie Blake learned that day . . .

On the bus, an old man in an overcoat—so hot for July, that shapeless, whatcolor rag—sat mumbling to himself, next to the window. Occasionally he would rub his palms against stubbled cheeks, a sound like new sandpaper to Robbie's young ears.

When the old man got up and left the bus, Robbie Blake saw a small dirty-white card thrust into the window-frame. He pulled the card out of its slot. It said, very neatly:

**BO BO THE CLOWN**

Available For Picnics, Clubs and there was a number, an address. Robbie Blake replaced the card precisely, for even at ten years of age, he knew a man certainly has a right to advertise.

Later that day, looking out from behind the billboard at the side of the clothing store, Robbie saw a fat woman with a moustache, carrying a shopping bag at the end of either meaty arm.

One of the bags burst as the fat woman passed Robbie's waiting-place, and he watched carefully as she got down on her knees—in stages, like a great beast unhinging itself at a waterhole—puffing, sighing.

He watched her as she retrieved the packages of frozen foods, the asparagus, the oranges. There was something very natural about the fat woman. Something essential. Robbie Blake watched, and remembered.

A big truck with EMPIRE HAULING on its side went past, and Robbie dashed out from behind the billboard to catch the truck as it stopped by



the corner. He pulled himself up onto the lowered tailgate and grasped the anchor chain firmly in both hands as the truck moved with the changing traffic light. Robbie rode along with the smell of his world whipping past; the smell of the rotting gourds in the sidewalk markets; the smell of oil and grease, rainbow puddles among the bricks; the smell of chemicals from some tiny manufacturing company on a side street. He looked and looked and everywhere people dashed and walked, doing things with paper and leather and words. He smiled at the grey sky that

promised rain and he stuck his tongue out when a policeman made a short move to haul him off the fleeing truck, as they whipped through an intersection.

Finally, Robbie Blake tired of his truck ride and slid to the edge of the tailgate. When the truck paused at another traffic light, Robbie bounced down and skittered away, in a new place, with wonderful things to see. He saw a shop with bright and coppery bracelets, and a man in a great wide hat. The window of the shop said MEXICO ARTS and Robbie knew where Mexico was. It was someplace downtown, very far downtown in another country.

What it is, to be ten years old, is to need to go to the bathroom frequently. That is part of it.

Robbie Blake needed to go to the bathroom, because he had had three papaya juices at 'Nrico's stand, before he had stood behind the billboard, watching the fat woman who might have been his mother or somebody's (Concluded on page 60)



back originally appeared here in *Rogue* including the "Daniel White" story praised below. So it was with some pride that we noted Miss Dorothy Parker's comments in a recent issue of *Esquire*. Said the famed critic: "... It turns out that Mr. Ellison is a good, honest, clean writer, putting down what he has seen and known, and no sen-

## Mona At Her Windows

WHEN MONA WAS twenty-three, she had pleurisy, and the time in Women's Hospital had been violently peaceful; so calm and warm and tended that it made her shudder with pleasure to remember it. It was the one happy time—not counting growing-up in Minnesota with Buddy and Eenor and the folks—she could remember. It was a period of placid contemplation of the way the world really was, and is.

It was a time in which the constant growing pressure of her ugliness came to her fully, completely. She had looked at the nurses, even the plain and unattractive ones, and had known they were more appealing than she would ever be. It was the days-long moment through which Mona told herself the truth. *I am not just ordinary, I am really quite unappetizing.* And she recognized the inevitable end result of having been born with the face she wore: she would never marry, she would perhaps never have a man (unless he was somehow deficient, for otherwise, why should he want *her*?) and she might never even experience the strange mystery of having a man enter her body. It was, at first a realization so monstrous, so terrible in its ultimate thoroughness of destruction, that she cried. Not simple uncomplicated tears of sorrow, but a soulful emptying of her body that dried her, leaving her hacking, dry-sobbing, flushed and even sicker than she had been when admitted to the hospital. It was not a sorrow born of having been ill-treated, of being in pain, or of having lost



something. It was that unnameable sorrow mixed with passionate fear at never having *had* anything to lose.

When she was released, she felt she must break away from the past, that she must begin a new existence, at the age of twenty-three, based upon the new truth she had discovered. This resolve was reinforced by the pitying stares of the homely nurses who said goodbye to her; women and girls who had hushed and soothed her during the

nights of wretched crying. If these drabs could feel superior to her . . . then finally she knew her place, and her fate.

So Mona moved out of her apartment and quit her job. She closed her checking account and paid off her charges at the market and Macy's. She left the tag-ends of hopes and desires she had known till then, and went to find a new subsistence, in the realm of realization of futility.

Mona took an apartment on a busy corner of 7th Avenue and 23rd Street, and she decorated it with Spartan efficiency. No television set and no record player; no parti-colored pillows to decorate the daybed; no bookshelves stocked with glossy flashy paperbacks and philosophical tracts from Anchor or Yale University Press; no clever pewter coffee mugs and no Lionel Feininger prints on the walls. Just the necessities of life that keep a person breathing and free of sickness.

But the windows . . .

Ah, the windows! (Concluded on page 68)



sationalism about it. In the collection is a story called 'Daniel White for the Greater Good.' It is without exception the best presentation I have ever seen of present racial conditions in the South and of those who try to alleviate them. . . . Incidentally, the other stories in Mr. Ellison's book are not so dusty, either."

## G.B.K. + A MANY FLAVORED BIRD

SO GARBLED was my secretary's mind, that early in the morning, that I had to call Western Union later in the day, and have them read me the telegram again. Even then, in the clarity of a monotoned operator's recitation, the message barely made sense. It read: "CAMPAIGN MATERIALIZING TO ROCKET YOUR FORTHCOMING MOVIE 'THE LATTER LIFE OF GOD' INTO INTERNATIONAL GOLD MINE."

I had her read it again, and then asked if they would deliver the telegram itself to my hotel. She said Western Union would be pleased to accommodate, and then she said, "This telegram was sent from here in town, by night letter last night, sir." I asked her if it was signed, and she said, "Yes, it's signed G. Barney Kandor, American Association of Fan Clubs."

More bewilderedly than I had any right to feel, I thanked the operator and racked the receiver. I sat there on the edge of the bed in my hotel room in Cleveland and tried to make some sense out of the nonsense I had just heard.

True, one of my magazine short stories, "The Latter Life of God," had been picked up by an independent outfit for production—but the script hadn't even been written yet, which was why I was on my way to the Coast, having stopped off in Cleveland merely to see my sister and brother-in-law. Who the hell was G. Barney Kandor, and what the hell was the "American Association of Fan Clubs"?



"Bernice," I yelled into the adjoining room filled with the clatter of a typewriter, "do I know a G. Barney Kandor?"

Bernice, secretarially-attired in sheafs of press releases and a pencil behind each ear, emerged from the other room and stood poised in the doorway, cocked onto one hip, thinking. "Not that I know. Is that that business with the telegram this morning?" I nodded. "Dumb sonofabitch whoever he is," she snarled, "waking me up at eight

jeezus o'clock! I'd like to get my hands on his throat!" She went back to her room to the extension of her right hand—the telephone—and arrangements for a local interview show I was going to do over Cleveland television.

It wasn't that important, really, because I knew it had to be a gag, but the peculiar manner of phrasing struck a dim note in my mind, and though I had other things to worry about—the local TV appearances, finishing an article long overdue, the final payment of the movie money—for some inexplicable reason my thoughts kept worrying the telegram and the name of G. Barney Kandor, like a dog with a rag doll.

And finally it came back to me, who he was, and how I'd met him, and what image of him I'd relegated to the back part of my memories. And despite myself, I was forced to smile. After all this time, that he should remember me; I'd been just a kid when I'd met him, however briefly; I'd been perhaps sixteen, seven- (Continued on page 48)





"But she's the one I came here to forget!"



# HOW TO BE

IF YOU'VE EVER ENVIED  
THE LIFE OF A CULT  
LEADER THE RULES ARE  
SIMPLE AND EASY TO  
FOLLOW. BUT A WORD OF  
WARNING! BEWARE THE  
DANGER OF TRYING TO  
BE THE REAL THING.  
YOUR END COULD BE AS  
EXPLOSIVE AS THAT OF  
ONE KRISHNA VENTA!



SCULPTURE: RICHARD A. THOMPSON



# A BAREFOOT PROPHET

PROPHETS HAVE, according to tradition, occasionally taken off for the Good Place in chariots of fire but one California prophet (and a bearded, barefooted one at that) vanished in a clap of thunder. His name, among his followers, was Krishna Venta and his assumption was caused, according to the Ventura County sheriff's office and the state cops, by the detonation of 20 sticks of 80 percent dynamite in a small room—his office. The blast, which occurred at 1:30 a.m. on the 10th of December, 1958, left only the remains of a large fireplace and part of one wall of what had been a sturdy stone building. Not only did the building vanish but one wall of a neighboring structure was blown in and a fire started in the nearby woods of Box Canyon. The spot was about 35 miles northwest of Los Angeles. When the ashes had cooled enough to permit sifting, all that was found of the prophet was a twisted bit of dental bridgework. Also a small steel safe. When opened it contained no money, which caused the law-men to wonder if the "third incarnation of God"—the first two being Krishna of India and Jesus of Nazareth—had not plotted the explosion himself to cover up. They suspected that he had decamped with the loot. It would not have been difficult for him to disguise himself—a few minutes alone with a pair of scissors

and a razor would do it. This is one of the assets of a long-haired and bearded prophet. The role has other advantages, if you can survive unlynched long enough to develop some good local business and political contacts. And the biggest advantage seems to be the number of women you can have at one time, ranging from ardent matrons in their forties to their teen-age daughters in any age in between.

Most infamous and notorious of the breed was "King" Ben Purnell who functioned for a generation, up into the '20s, as King of the Israelite House of David. King Ben was a whooping-and-hollering preacher from the Kentucky hills who found the brush arbors of the mountain villages too small to hold him. When he was finally flushed out of his hideaway, a secret bedroom in his headquarters at Benton Harbor, Michigan, he was a veritable wraith of his former husky self. At the time the law broke in, the King was in bed with three teen-age girls, indulging in the ritual "purification of the blood." Since none of them were virgins, the rite of "female circumcision" had already taken place, it was deduced. Ben Purnell had built himself a \$10,000,000 estate out of his talent as a cult leader. And one of the chief rules of his church was celibacy—for all but the King, not too inconsequential proviso.



Krishna Venta did not require celibacy of his adherents but like most successful cultists he demanded, on their admission, the entire worldly goods of the applicant, non-returnable.

Prophets there have been before Krishna Venta and most assuredly there will be a bountiful crop in the years ahead, but the story of his life provides a working blueprint for any ambitious citizen who wants to make a good living out of eloquence. Eloquence he must have. He need not be a tall, imposing figure, like Krishna or Ben Purnell. He need not be too grammatical—both of these Messiahs were self-educated. But he must be able to talk. A never-ending Niagara of words—whether they make any logical sense or not—is the *sine qua non* of the cult leader. And he must have the burning sincerity of a true prophet—or a natural born con man.

The incarnation of God known as Krishna Venta was born in San Francisco in 1911. When he was eight both his parents died and he was raised haphazardly in a succession of foster homes until in his teens he took to the road. His name was Frank Pencovic. In his years as a hobo he was often pulled in, sometimes charged with vagrancy or petty theft, usually let go.

He was no ordinary 'bo; he was what is known technically as a "library stiff." There are two varieties of this type. One goes into a library in the winter months to keep warm and snoozes stealthily behind an open newspaper or magazine. The other type is a book-reader and he seldom sleeps there—unless he can manage to hide in the library when it closes for the night. He reads. Usually in one specific field. Frank Pencovic's field was Eastern religion and the occult.

He came upon accounts of Ben Purnell. At the other end of the scale was the heroic story of Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism, who was lynched by a mob in Carthage, Illinois, in 1844, probably just because his followers were different from other people. Frank Pencovic, wedged into the "blind baggage" or pounding over the rails in an empty boxcar (one door wedged open a few inches with a spike so he could not be locked in) began turning over and over in his mind the stories of the prophets. His destiny was clear to him now. Other men had started with nothing and got rich that way. Why not him? He had heard that a man with long hair and beard could get a job in the Hollywood Bowl nativity play and he stopped shaving. But he was told, when he applied, that he needed an Actor's Equity card. This was only a minor setback. With the beard he really looked like a prophet. He had by this time acquired a wife,

a girl he had met while jerking sodas; they rented an old mansion and started teaching yoga and the Secrets of the East but couldn't get enough paying customers and the *ashram* went bust.

In 1942 Frank got desperate, floated some rubber checks, was caught and given nine months on a road gang. This was plenty rough until he began posing as a religious fanatic, claiming to be the reincarnation of Jesus. Then the guards shipped him to a state looney bin. It was wartime and Frank improved so quickly they let him out to take a job with the army as a civilian employee. Until the war's end he was a timekeeper at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City, and this gave him a chance to observe America's most successful cult at the fountainhead. It is a question whether a screwball religious outfit (by orthodox standards) is just that or a new religion. The only test is one of time—if it survives the death of its founder. This was certainly true of Mormonism and Frank became aware of another element in cult prosperity—the leader should not be too greedy. Monsters like Ben Purnell, rapist, blackmailer and murderer, were rare. Frank himself was not a criminal type.

In 1947 he turned up in Denver, Colorado, his beard and hair grown to proper prophetic length. His second wife, Ruth, made him a yellow robe to his specifications and this time he began in a very modest way, renting an empty store. The time was right. The world was in spiritual chaos. Judaism, and its covenant with Jehovah, had wound up in the ovens of Eichmann. The world had seen a supposedly Christian nation, Germany, seized in a matter of months by a proponent of the Old Gods and reduced to savagery. People who drifted into the bare store to listen to the barefoot, bearded prophet were caught by his eloquence and the picturesque gospel he preached—a version of Hindu mythology sparked by the message of love which came out of Nazareth. Frank Pencovic called himself Krishna Venta and claimed to have come to the Himalayas out of space from an unknown planet—Neophrates—240,000 years ago. He had arrived in the U.S.A. by teleportation on March 29, 1932. For his inner circle he had a different interpretation of this tale, explaining that the masses always needed signs and wonders. The years of suffering and hardship had refined a certain amount of gold out of Frank's personality and he soon had two devoted followers who were far from the type usually associated with apocalyptic cults. One was a Denver businessman of means who had found the conventional churches no answer to his anx-

ieties in a world apparently gone crazy. The other was a woman school teacher, soft spoken, well-read and highly intelligent. With these two lieutenants the prophet was on his way. And he had made a startling discovery—the unselfish love which was beamed his way by his followers set up a reaction inside himself. It grew and flourished. Frank Pencovic did not lose sight of his eventual goal—to found a utopian colony of which he would be the boss. But the unloved orphan boy and road kid had at last built himself a devoted family. And in the warmth of their worship his eloquence grew.

He now incorporated into his message the reassuring fact that it was his mission, this time around, to gather the 144,000 elect for salvation so specifically foretold in the book of St. John the Revelator. The elect were to gird for battle with the hosts of evil, that Great Beast seen in John's vision on the island of Patmos. The lines were drawn, the battle was just over the horizon, it was Armageddon Eve. As the prophet alternately purred and thundered, the saints of his congregation could all but see the swarming forces of Good and Evil in the heavens, the angels of the Lord with their swords of fire, the yawning pit into which they would tumble the bat-winged forces of Satan. Nobody ever fell asleep in Krishna Venta's church. He called it the Fountain of the World.

As often happens in organizations of this kind, the basic goodness of simple, everyday folks found its fruition in unity. The followers were better than their leader, yet they had come together through him and they loved him. It is the instinct of human beings to love—if only a geranium in a tin can. And Krishna Venta courted them, flattered them, inspired them, answered their questions, stilled their doubts—and most important of all, told them what to do. They managed, under his benevolent wings, to escape from the frightening freedom of having to make their own decisions.

The valuable core to his fantastic teachings, of course, was what thousands have discovered by other means—that the way to inner peace lies through throwing off the clamorous demands of the Ego and melting into a common cause. Ego equals Misery. Gautama, the Buddha, sat under a tree and figured that out 2,500 years ago.

But now, for a full development of the cult, Frank Pencovic needed to get away from the heart of town. He decided to play it right across the board, with his followers turning in all their worldly property, after a three months' probation period, letting their beards and hair grow and going barefoot,

(Concluded on page 26)





"But honey, aren't we supposed to *sing* along with Mitch?"



# the many sides of Miss James

No kin to Jesse, except in her ability to steal your heart away—lovely and talented Barbara James is a young-New-Yorker-in-a-hurry.

Currently, Miss James of the deep brown eyes and red-brown hair is pursuing her long time dream of becoming a successful song writer. But at the same time she has been appearing in the casts of various Broadway shows as a singer and dancer. And though she's just turned 24, busy Barbara has more than two hundred songs to her credit (most, unfortunately, unpublished).

"For a newcomer," she says, "learning to write lyrics and music for popular songs is the least of your worries. It's the easiest part of the business to learn, the simplest to understand.

"What's difficult to accept is that the song itself—its rhythm, beat, 'sound' or what-have-you—has very little to do with whether it's going to be published or not, and even less to do with whether the public is going to like it.

"I don't want to get on a soapbox about all this, but the music business—at least the pop music field—is getting to the point where there's as much glamour to it as selling salami. And almost the same problems: distribution, promotion, publicity . . .











Sometimes it's a drag."

Dragged or not, Miss James made a pretty picture as she paced the length of her Upper Manhattan apartment, past the baby grand piano, the scattered sheets of music. She is not a tall girl—a shade over five and a half feet—but with long tanned, trim legs and a wonderfully erect carriage.

Continuing the informal interview, we asked the vivacious young miss about her preferences in men. They were, it turned out, definite yet not restrictive. "I'm not a 'type' girl," she smiled prettily. "I don't go for a Rock Hudson type or a Tab Hunter type, a tough guy or a pretty boy. The only thing I insist on is that the man can think for himself, talk intelligently, and be entertaining without forcing it. And, of course, he must have that very special quality—masculinity . . . the kind you don't get by putting on a pair of pants and a little aftershave lotion every morning. And in a way, I suppose that's a type. Very rare these days, I might add."

And then she was off—another Broadway tryout, where we followed to snap the pictures at the far right. Watching her, it seemed a sure thing that this attractive, energetic girl would make her dream come true.



PHOTOGRAPHY: FRANK ECK / GLOBE





Lights! Camera! Action! Shoot!

# THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!

satire by JACK SHARKEY

*I must make it clear at the outset that I am all for world peace, and I know that you too are all for world peace and I will even venture to say that Hollywood is in favor of world peace with certain reservations, which are based on a simple economic fact: If peace does come to the world, what will Hollywood do with all those old war-movie plots she has been getting rich on over the years? I have given this matter some thought, and have finally decided what Hollywood will do. She will use them anyhow. Oh, not as war films, of course. Hollywood knows better than to buck a public trend. But use them she will, slightly disguised as everyday, run-of-the-mill, normal-life situations. Such as in the following examples . . .*



SCENE: CLOSEUP OF TWO YOUTHS ANXIOUSLY GRIPPING THE ARMS OF A SICK-LOOKING COMPANION, TRYING TO CARRY HIM.

"Listen, you guys, it's no use. I can't make it. Go on without me."

"But we can't just go off and leave you. Not here!"

"You've got to. You can't stay here with me, and I can't come along with you. Don't worry about me; I'll be okay."

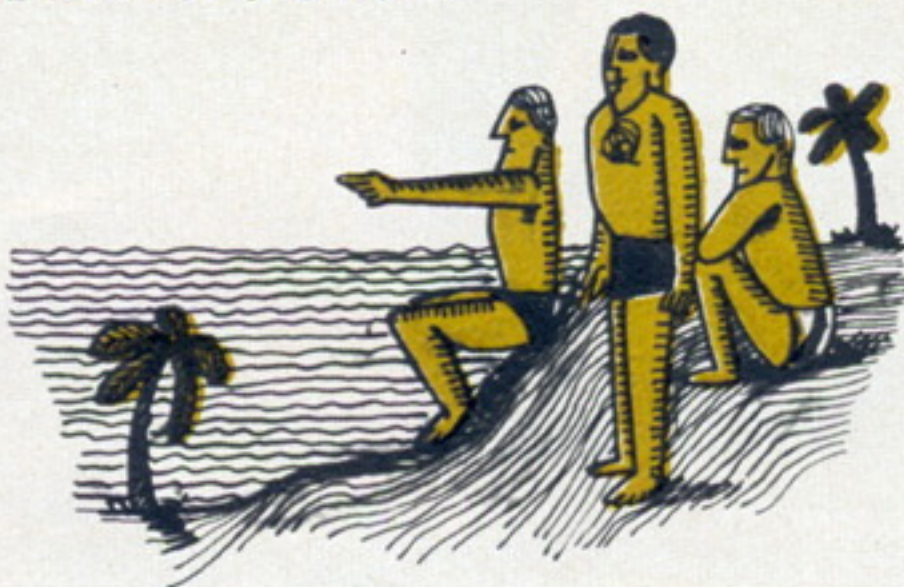
"How about if we carry you?"

"I tell you, it's no use. Go on, now, scram. My time's running out, anyhow . . . But look, if you guys get home—"

"We can't get home; not without you!"

"It's nice of you to say it, but I know you'll do it without me, somehow. Now, scram, quick! Get out of here! I hear someone coming this way!"

And sure enough, as the rest of the kids hurry off to the ball game, the piano teacher steps outside and drags his reluctant pupil in by the scruff of the neck.



SCENE: LONG SHOT OF A GROUP OF BRONZED, HAND-PICKED MEN, ALL STRONG SWIMMERS, ON A BEACH.

"Okay, boys, there's the ship. We're gonna row out there as quickly as we can, and remember, they're going to be throwing everything they've got at us, once they spot us. When that happens, we've got to go over the side. In the confusion, some of us will be able to get aboard the ship. Those who do get aboard, you know what to do: Put the leis around the tourists' necks and say 'Aloha, welcome to Hawaii!' The rest of you, try to catch the coins before they sink, huh?"



SCENE: CLOSE SHOT OF TWO MEN IN A ROOM, HEAVILY GUARDED. THEY ARE MAKING DESPERATE PLANS.

"Now, look, Grover, this is our last chance to take this town. Tomorrow's the big day, remember, so the town has to be taken, and quick! You will begin the attack at the railroad station. Most of the townspeople will be down there when the train comes in. That's when you

come out and give 'em all you've got, with both barrels!"

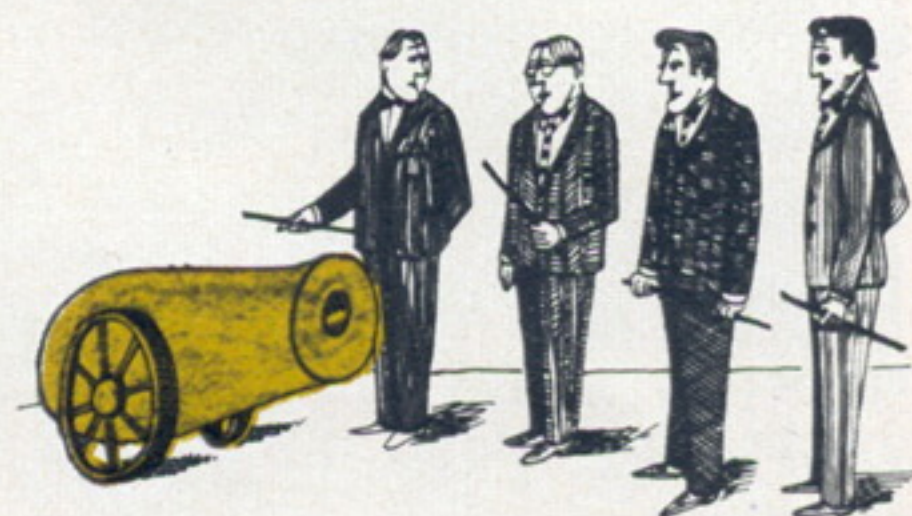
"I know, I know. I've run for Congress before. Gimme the speech."



SCENE: A SECRET CHAMBER, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, LIGHTED ONLY BY A SINGLE CANDLE. CLOSEUP OF MAN, FACE MUFFLED.

"Here are your instructions: After you land, bury the parachute, and change into this German uniform. You will then proceed, using the back streets, to the mayor's house. At exactly two a.m., ring the back doorbell. A woman named Frieda will answer, and ask you what you want. You are to say, 'The price of roses is up in Hamburg.' Have you got that?"

"Yeah, I guess so. But tell me, isn't there an easier way of getting into your fraternity?"



SCENE: A PANORAMIC SWEEP ALONG A ROW OF CALM, DIGNIFIED MEN, SURVEYING THE WAR-WEAPONS AGAINST WHICH THEY MUST COMPETE.

"Remember, they'll be using those cannon on the other side, and all we've got are these bows. It'll be an unequal contest, at best, unless we really give it our all. Now, come on, men, if we throw ourselves into the task, we can at least make a showing."

"I think we ought to get out of this spot, and try to infiltrate through the reeds. Then we could—"

"You know that's impossible. This is our position, and we've got to stay here. There's a tradition to uphold."



"Okay, if you insist. But bows against cannon-fire—!"

"We've got to do it. And we won't be getting any support from the brass, either."

"I know. That's why I hate the '1812 Overture!'"



SCENE: EXTREME CLOSEUP OF AN EVIL FACE GLARING GRIMLY THROUGH STRONG METAL BARS AT A HELPLESS CAPTIVE.

"If you know what's good for you, you'll talk, and talk quick! We've had others like you who refused to talk, and they regretted it!"

The prisoner stares at his tormentor then turns his head away and remains silent.

"Up to now, you've eaten pretty well. What if we cut off your water, eh? You'll be glad to talk, then, I'll bet! You'll be clawing the bars and begging for a drink in twenty-four hours! Now, come on, talk! *Talk!*"

An associate of the tormentor comes in. "How's it going?"

The man shakes his head. "Not a peep out of him."

"I told you parakeets were a waste of money."



SCENE: A LARGE ROOM, INTENDED FOR MANY, NOW OCCUPIED BY TWO SOLITARY MEN. CLOSEUP FIRST MAN:

"One by one, the others have gone. You and me, Charlie, we're the only ones left. I guess . . . it's up to us, now."

*Closeup 2nd man, perspiring:*

"Yeah. Yeah, George, guess it is . . . You know, we can't both stay here. One of us has got to go, soon.

But you know which one! As senior man, it's got to be me."

*Two-shot:*

"Let me. Let me go, Charlie!"

"No. I can't do that. I'll go."

"Please, Charlie. You've got to let me go! This heat, this terrible heat! I can't take it here much longer. Please. Give me a break. I—I want to go!"

"Nope. Mr. Peterson left a strict vacation schedule for the staff before he went to Canada. Your two weeks ain't till September."



SCENE: OVERHEAD SHOT OF GRIM-FACED MEN IN STEEL HELMETS, INSIDE A PALISADE-SURROUNDED PIT.

The men talk and joke among themselves, trying to forget the job they've been sent there to do. Suddenly, from up near the barricade, an object comes tumbling down the dirt wall, and just lies there on the ground. For about two seconds, the men just stare at it, stunned, unable to move. Then one of them whips off his helmet, dives for the object, and covers it with the helmet, lying tightly on top of it, his eyes shut grimly. The other men stand frozen another second, then the foreman of the construction job speaks: "Damn! I'll bet there's fifty bucks in that roll!"



SCENE: LONG SHOT OF TWO YOUTHS, IN A CELLAR, RECAPITULATING A RECENT ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY.

"After I smashed her teeth with the hammer, I pulled out her eye-lashes and fingernails. You should

have heard her scream!"

"Gee! My grandmother won't let me near her night table!"



SCENE: DOLLY INTO A MEDIUM SHOT OF TWO MEN IN A SHORT STRIP OF WOODS, AT THE FOOT OF A TALL, GRASSY KNOLL.

"Jones, I've chosen you because you're the fastest man we've got. Your job is to get to the top of that hill and plant the flag before the barrage starts. I don't have to tell you how dangerous it will be, once you're within their range. They'll be driving right for the spot where we want the flag planted. Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir. Count on me. Give me the flag."

"Okay, here it is! Good luck. And remember, hit the dirt and cover your head if you hear them shout 'Fore!'"



SCENE: A MAN AND WOMAN, CLINGING TOGETHER, STRUGGLING AGAINST THEIR FATE. EXTREME CLOSEUP OF THEIR LIPS:

"Darling, my outfit's being shipped out tomorrow."

"No! I won't let it happen! I have some influence— A few phone calls to the right people—"

"Don't. I'd only hate you for it. The order's been given, and the outfit gets shipped out tomorrow, and that's that!"

"Damn! Why must you women always wear something new in the Easter parade!!!"

- FADE OUT -





wearing robes of different colors to symbolize their different duties in the utopia. To establish all this he needed a tract of land far removed from the inhospitable hoots of the gentiles. He found his spot northwest of Los Angeles in Box Canyon, 25 acres of rather barren brush land on which he built his New Jerusalem.

We can now pause and sum up the requirements of a viable cult. And one of these seems to be geographical—it must have its headquarters somewhere west of where the initiate hails from. This heliotropism of man's spirit is seen in folk-religion from the earliest times—a turning toward the setting sun. In Irish legend there was *Tir nan Og*, the isle of the blessed, in the western ocean where the sun journeyed after crossing the sky of earth. Many attempts have been made to start cults in Florida but without much success. Southern California is the place and how popular a place it is is indicated by a recent survey by the Federation of Churches which turned up the fact that 10 percent of the inhabitants of the Greater Los Angeles area belong to some unorthodox religious group which could classify as a "cult."

Having found the place, you must base the appeal of your cult on certain human needs, left unsatisfied by more respectable churches. These are not hard to identify. People want Four Freedoms: freedom from loneliness, freedom from a feeling of uselessness, freedom from guilt and freedom from constant decision. In a cult these are met by community work and ownership (so the leader says—usually he has all the property in his own name. Or his wife's name). The leader makes the decisions. And freedom from sexual guilt is best delivered by making the celibate life admirable and, indeed, the top prestige factor in the group.

Americans today are in an unbearable "double bind." On the one hand they are taught from infancy that sex is dirty, shameful and to be avoided. And on the other that it is the most wonderful thing in the world. People who have no sex in their lives, unless they live under religious vows, are regarded as ridiculous—the old maid, for instance or the man who has outlived his potency. The cultist has his own answer: "No sex, just hard work for the Cause."

Krishna Venta did not forbid sex, but he insisted on couples being married according to civil law before marrying them over by the cult's ritual. He had six kids himself and could hardly take any other position. And

he was liberal about smoking and drinking—he liked cigars and a snort now and then. In view of his permissiveness, it is hard to see how his cult managed to flourish. Usually a leader has to make life in the order one of great sacrifice. But Krishna Venta was appealing to a slightly different crowd—not people tormented by guilt so much as people disgusted by the shape the world found itself in after its century of explosive technological progress had brought it to Hiroshima and the Great Anxiety.

One of the best antidotes for anxiety is hard work done with others and of this there was a-plenty up in Box Canyon. The first saints lived in tents and tar paper shacks but soon the buildings grew. One of the strange things about cult life is that people will work twice as hard for no pay, if they feel that what they are doing is productive. The high-powered salesman, the advertising man, the career girl, no less than the anonymous factory hand tending the assembly belt, at last finds simple tasks done manually and together, the answer to sleeping pills and psychoanalysis. And it works, as thousands have found out. The hitch lies in the human frailty of the Leader. For what the modern American really wants, deep in his heart, is to be rid of status seeking and its terrors of time payments, commuter trains and tranquilizers. If a man, his wife and their children, can live in a scenically beautiful spot, have simple and adequate clothes to wear, ample and nourishing food, and work to do which turns to fun, like an old-fashioned roofing bee, and also feel that what they are doing is Divinely Ordered, life can be beautiful.

Then into the Eden up in Box Canyon came the serpent.

It took 24 hours for the embers of the destroyed hub of the universe to cool down enough to rake through and sift the ashes. While they were waiting, the sheriff's men began interviewing neighbors. Half a mile away they found an old pick-up truck parked by the roadside and in the cab was a tape recorder. When the reel was played they had, apparently, the answer to the enigma of who planted the dynamite and why. The dynamiters were revealed as two former members of the cult, Ralph Muller and Peter Kamenoff. The tape ended: "We may have our last night in the world tonight. I want our motive known. The plan is to go to Krishna Venta and demand a confession of crime, pretense, immorality and hypocrisy. To demand that he admit the truth." Newspaper files gave out the information that a year before Muller had come into the office promising to give the paper facts which would "get the goods on Krishna

Venta." The law men, carefully searching the ruins and environs, found a thumb a hundred yards away in the brush. The print proved to be that of Kamenoff, while the finger tips of a badly burned hand found in the wreckage, when removed and mounted, were identified as those of Muller.

Bit by bit the story was put together. In both cases, it seemed, the motive was the same—both men were madly jealous, both had young and pretty wives and both claimed that the Messiah wanted the girls for himself. Other colonists denied that there was any truth in these charges and said that the men were mentally unbalanced. That they were, there is little doubt; for few human problems can be settled by blowing up your enemy, five innocent adults and two children along with yourself, with 20 sticks of dynamite.

Krishna Venta had worked carefully, in his role of barefoot prophet, to give himself a good life, full of nourishment for his ego and, without a doubt, legitimate satisfaction through helping the rootless, the disheartened and the desperate find themselves and rebuild lives they had thought hopelessly "ruined." One of the specialties of his cult was fire fighting. The colonists, with the Incarnation of God at their head, had fought forest fires all the way from Montana to Texas, performing many heroic actions. And their doors were ever open to the homeless, the needy and the victims of fire, flood or other disaster. Reporters who visited them were impressed in spite of themselves by the aura of spiritual peace which dwelt over the Fountain of the World.

But Krishna Venta made one serious mistake in accepting his applicants for admission—along with the sincere believers there are always a few paranoid fanatics, and these the canny cult leader shuns as the plague. Ben Purnell had his own system for dealing with dangerous trouble makers—as well as with virgins who put up too strenuous a battle against female circumcision and the purification of the blood. He had his long-haired and bearded goons spirit them to his "Siberia"—lonely High Island in northern Lake Michigan—where they were allowed to die of starvation and exposure in the dead of winter. Krishna Venta's empty safe may not be such an enigma after all—he may have plowed back all the contributions he took in. And his explosive death may well have stemmed from his charitable attitude toward two men who were potentially dangerous. As a barefoot prophet, Frank Pencovic's fatal weakness may have been that he tried to be the real thing.







"Why do they call him BIG Pierre?"

humor **By DAK**



"Next time, Tania, remove the diamond."



# the neo negr

**Four years have passed since I sat one evening in a Greenwich Village bar with a friend of mine, a handsome unemployed actor. He was complaining about not being able to get a date for dinner and a show.**

**"The chicks have turned against me," he moaned. "And just because I'm white. It's a big thing these days. They want to make it with Negroes—exclusively!"**

**Laughing, I chalked it off as another Village eccentricity that soon would run its course—if, indeed, what**

**he had said were true. I couldn't get particularly concerned about my friend's sex life and I said as much. He smiled weakly and, explaining that he was deadly serious about what he had said, moved off into the night.**

**Not long after that I moved away from New York for a period of two years. Now I'm back again and I find the white man's strange courtship of the Negro has spread from the Village uptown. What's more, I realize now that this is not a phenomenon peculiar**



# Necessary Negro

to New York nor is it peculiar only to sex. The Necessary Negro has become a part of the white Liberal's way of life. He's become a status symbol.

No longer is it enough to *talk* the Negro cause, to deplore discrimination and merely wish that something were done. Even financial support of CORE and the NAACP is not enough. Today the white man must be seen with the black. He must pal around with him and invite him to his parties. If he doesn't do this other white Liberals

will accuse him of giving lip-service to a cause he espouses falsely. Thus we have The Necessary Negro, who serves as a hip advertisement (live! in full color!) for the white man's public, un-bigoted mind.

Now, of course, there are many instances of natural and laudable integration. When a Negro member of the staff of *The New York Times* attends a party thrown by white *Times* staffers, no one gives it a second thought. When Negro and white musicians get together over drinks in



Los Angeles or Detroit or Chicago, it's perfectly acceptable. When Negro and white college students attend the same dances and play on the same football field in Pittsburgh, that's natural, too. There are hundreds of social occasions when the races mix as they should.

But there's an old Negro proverb that says: "Whenever you see a white man with a colored man, the white man wants something from the colored man." In this proverb there is more than a soupçon of truth.

Consider the "balanced ticket" in the politics of non-Southern cities. Here, it's become necessary to include a Negro on the ballot because the white candidate wants the Negro vote.

This "liberal" political philosophy also affects the politico's social life. In recent months Attorney General Robert Kennedy and New York Mayor Robert Wagner, among others, resigned from social and athletic clubs when it was learned that racial discrimination was a part of the membership policy. Just as it's wise to be seen with Negroes, it's also wise *not* to be seen where Negroes are not.

Of course the Liberal needn't be a politician seeking votes. There are other things that other white men want. Naturally he feels guilty about "the Negro problem" and he wants something to counter this unpleasant emotion. So he goes to the Negro for help and falls back on the some-of-my-best-friends-are-Negroes routine. (Which Dick Gregory so deftly puts down by saying: "Every white man's got a best friend who's a Negro. Now, you know, there aren't enough of us to go around.")

To rationalize this "friendship" with a Negro the white man must, at least, have met one. And meeting a black man is easy. It's only after the meeting takes place that the real fun—for the white man—begins. It is soon twisted, inflated and stretched. And, strangely, it serves as more than a friendship; it becomes a status symbol.

I recently overheard two of these Liberals talking together the day after a party:

"Sorry I didn't make it," said the first.

"You missed a good one," said the other.

"Who was there?"

At this point the proud and boastful Liberal recounted the professional and literary folk who had been there. At the end of the list came a name pregnant with significance, that of a Negro writer.

Appropriate "ah's" and "say man's" followed.

As for the Liberal who is throwing the party, the Negro on display serves

him better than an expensive *avant garde* canvas on the wall. The "possession" is of shorter duration but the impression made is a lasting thing, taken home by the other guests for prolonged conversational chewing.

Usually the Negro guest is alleged to be an intellectual—an artist, a writer, a scholar or a diplomat from an African nation. But sometimes the Negro is a forlorn, seedy type, making it clear that the host or hostess not only crosses the color line but also ignores the class line. In either case, the Negro is someone the party-giver can—and often does—boast about.

Similarly, there is a certain well-publicized key club in Chicago which has in its employ a single Negro waitress. The club owner calls her his "chocolate bunny." She, too, is a Liberal's proud, if temporary, possession.

Even in Southern cities the Negro has become a "necessary" companion and something of a status symbol. In New Orleans Negroes and whites are forbidden by law to patronize the same night club or restaurant. But there are a few places where Negroes are welcome—so long as they pretend to be musicians visiting to sit in with the house combo to avoid attention from the police. To a somewhat lesser extent the same thing is true in Atlanta and Memphis. And at private parties throughout the South, Negroes present to entertain normally are urged by white guests to join them in a drink. In these cases it is the club-owner or host who gains status—by broaching the rigid color line.

Forget status; there are other reasons why the white man wants Negro companionship. For example: it is not the Negro who is inferior, it is the white man. As James Baldwin put it in *Nobody Knows My Name*: "It is still true, alas, that to be an American Negro male is also to be a kind of walking phallic symbol."

As was evidenced by my friend's trouble in finding a date in the Village four years ago. As is evidenced in many American cities every evening of the year. Today in New York you see hundreds of white chicks with Negroes—walking arm-in-arm along Broadway, doing the Twist together at the Palladium, seated side-by-side at Birdland.

And just as the "hip" white female is chasing the husky Negro, the white "liberal" male is pursuing the Negro maiden.

Listen to the words of Seymour Krim in his *Views of a Nearsighted Cannoneer*: "Together, the behind-the-shed appeal to a timid and therefore prurient white kid like myself was dynamite. Thus it was that the Negro girl became my jazz queen, someone

who loved (in my imagination) to ball, could never get enough, was supreme physically, rhythmically, ecstatically."

Krim had, at one time, fallen for the myth of the Negro's legendary sexual prowess, and so had other "beat" writers.

And it doesn't stop with the bohemian set. Almost everyone is trying to be "of the Arts" these days and squares they may be, but they subscribe quickly to anything that smacks of bohemia.

Miscegenation is nothing new, of course. It started in American history the day the first slave-trader stomped into the African jungles and cornered his first savage maiden. Miscegenation was common in the Old South, as it is in the South today, despite its illegality. From our childhood we remember that candy seemed to taste better after we had been told we couldn't have it.

And as James Baldwin so wisely observes, when the Negro is regarded as a symbol of fertility and prowess, he is merely paying for the sexual insecurity of others.

THE WHITE MAN wants the Negro as a friend not only for status and sex, but also for his "hipness." Step forward, Norman Mailer, and read from your essay, *The White Negro*:

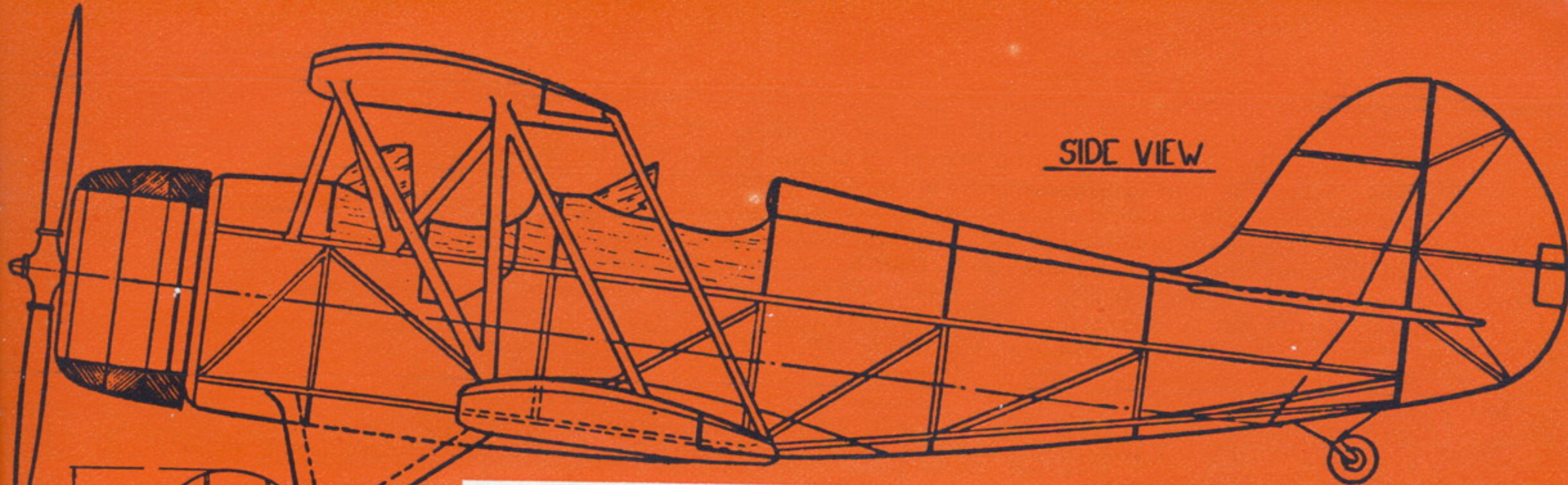
"A totalitarian society makes enormous demands on the courage of men, and a partially totalitarian society makes even greater demands, for the general anxiety is greater. Indeed if one is to be a man, almost any kind of unconventional action often takes disproportionate courage. So it is no accident that the source of Hip is the Negro for he has been living on the margin between totalitarianism and democracy for two centuries."

So, according to Mailer, the Negro is the source of Hip. If we accept this, it's only logical that the white man must seek out the Negro if he hopes to attain some degree of hipness. Mailer again: "So there was a new breed of adventurers, urban adventurers who drifted at night looking for action with a black man's code to fit their facts. The Hipster had absorbed the existentialistic synopses of the Negro, and for practical purposes could be considered a white Negro."

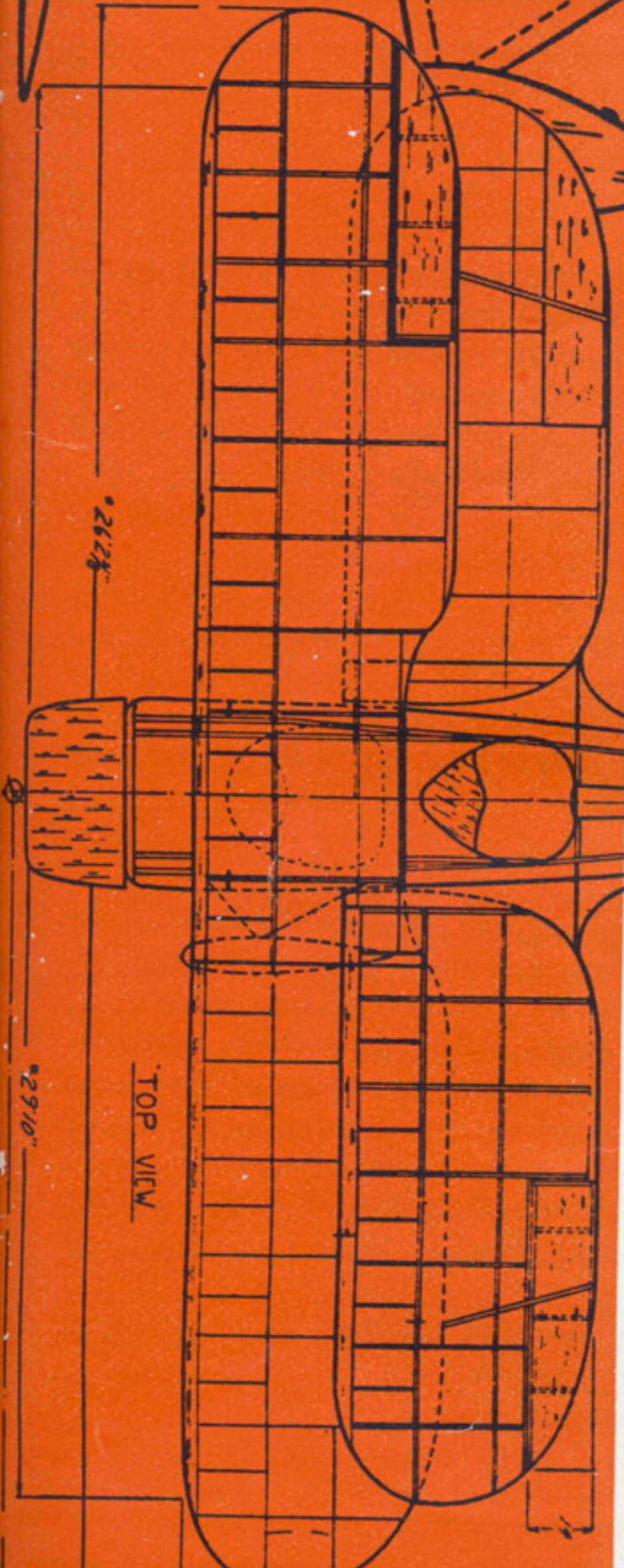
Another writer, Herbert Gold, puts it another way: "Hipsterism began in a complex effort of the Negro to escape his imposed role of happy-go-lucky animal. A few highly self-conscious urban Negro men sought to imitate 'white' diffidence, or coolness, or beatness. Then their white friends took up the fashion, complicating the joke by parodying a parody of themselves."

(Concluded on page 76)





SIDE VIEW



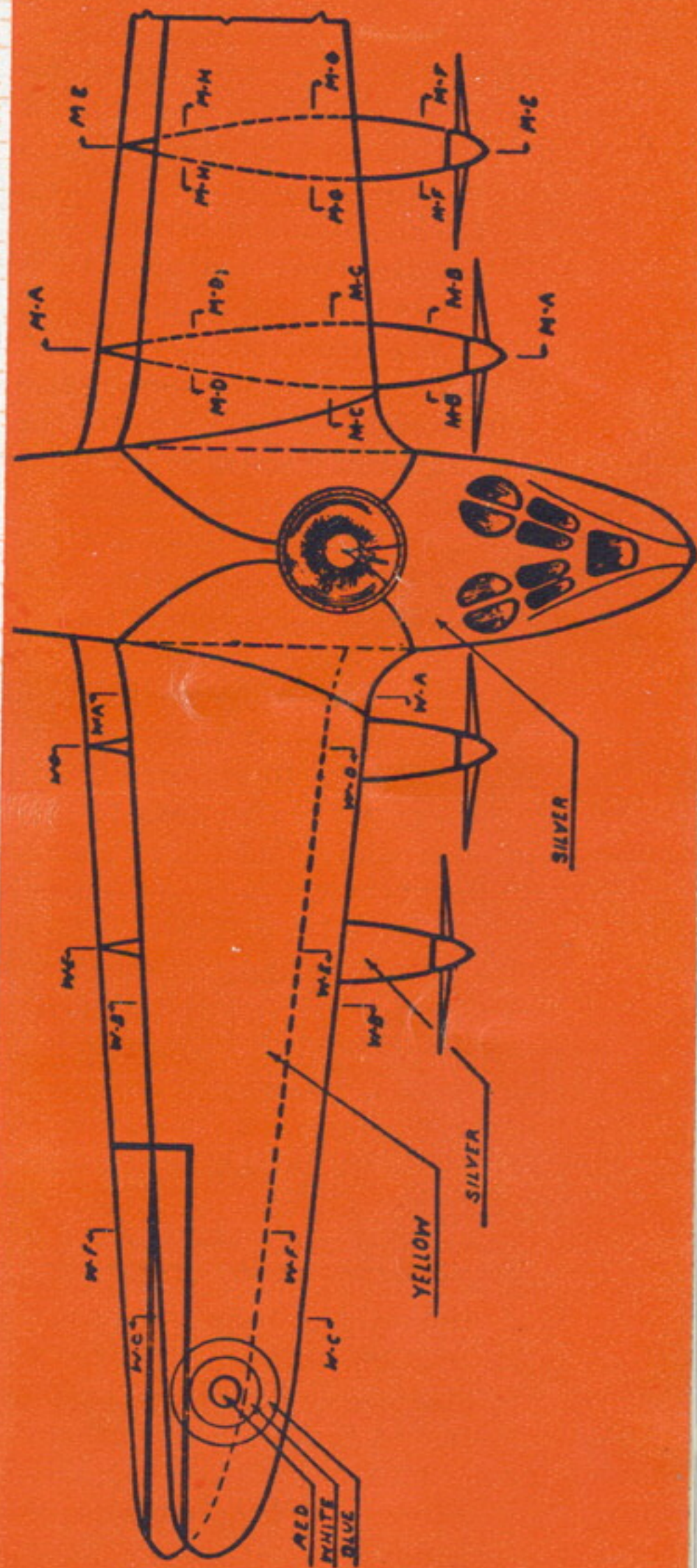
TOP VIEW



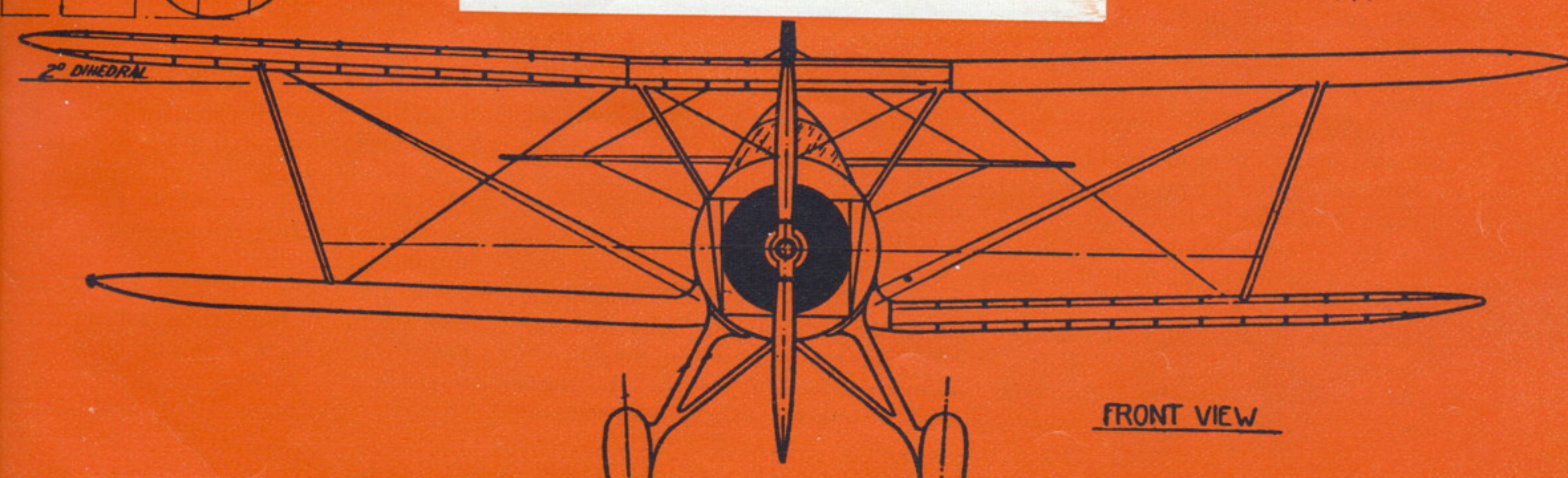
those, those were  
the days when  
**WE**  
**WERE ALL ACES**

nostalgia by  
William F. Nolan

IF YOU WERE a kid, growing up in 1939 somewhere in America, maybe eleven or twelve, going on thirteen, inhabiting your own private children's world while the adult world flowed past you, then you'll remember the long, impossibly loud dive of Captain Midnight's plane over your radio, taking you to another fantastic air adventure; you'll remember Tailspin Tommy and the Dawn Patrol and G-8 and his Battle Aces, and those fat, fast little racing



FRONT VIEW







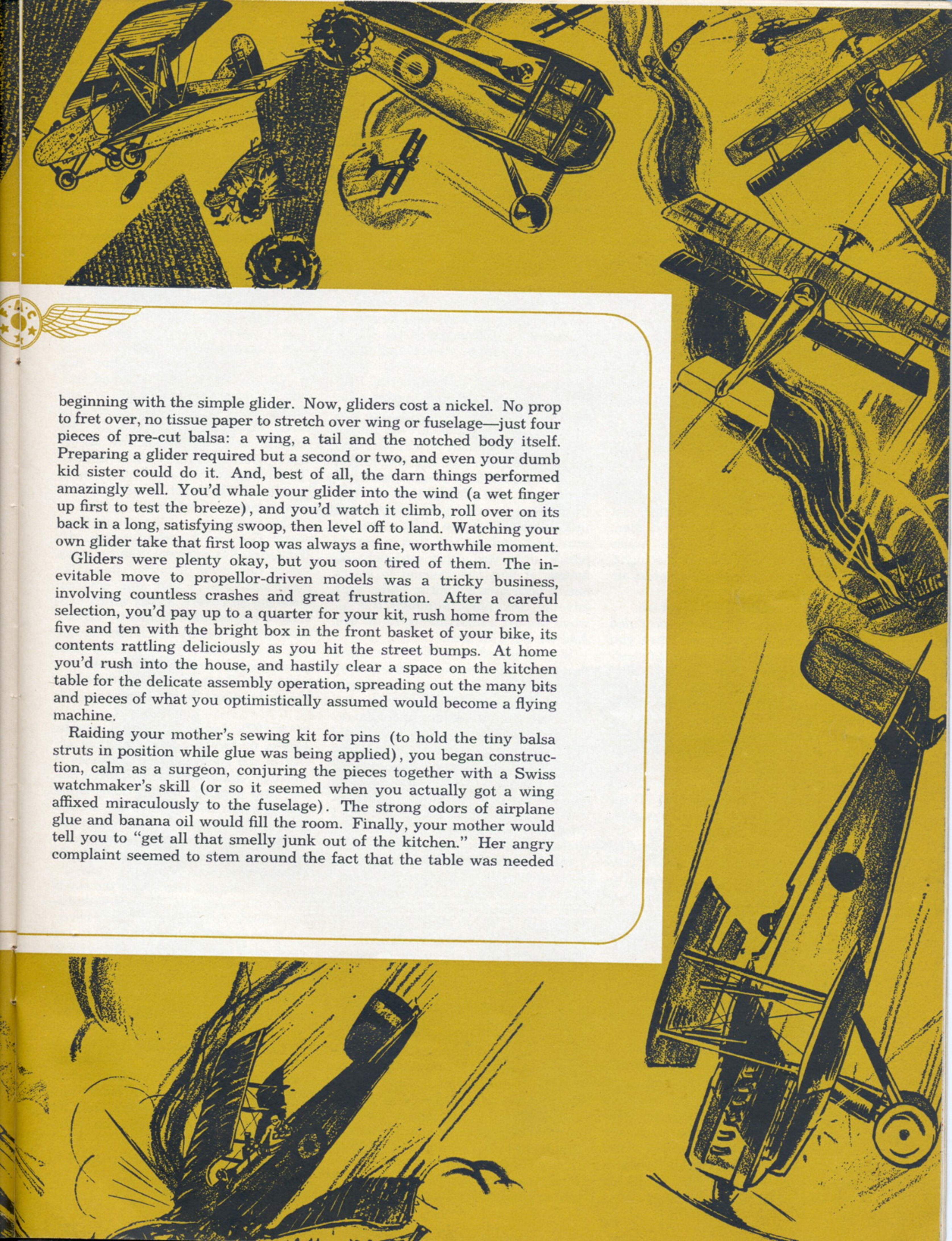
planes they called Gee-Bees which could go over 100 miles per hour! You'll recall the many delicious hours you spent out in the back yard, playing Eddie Rickenbacker in a tree house which had been magically transformed into the fabric-and-leather cockpit of a Spad fighter. Those two stripped tree limbs in your hands were Lewis guns, and you were a deadly marksman. No Hun was safe under your eagle-eyed attack, and by the end of the afternoon you'd brought half the German Air Force flaming out of the sky.

The ghosts of those smoking Fokkers are still to be found in my back yard on Forest Avenue in Kansas City, when I remember how it was then, before the continent-spanning jets, before the Sputniks and the super-freeways, when the moon was just a big round smiling face in the night above our house and not a piece of real estate for Russia and America to fight over.

Our gang would head for the toy store on a Saturday afternoon after breathlessly watching the latest chapter of Tailspin Tommy at the kid's matinee. A carefully-hoarded portion of our weekly allowance had been put aside with a mental note: "For planes." Planes meant models, not the elaborate, pre-stamped plastic kits they sell these days, with their artfully-formed propellers and perfect chrome wheels, ready for assembly. No, our kits were on the primitive side: bits of wood and tissue paper, a thin silver tube of glue, some tiny struts, and a chunk of balsa (out of which we'd carve the prop). Sometimes the whole fuselage of our planes came out of solid wood, although those particular kits were to be avoided whenever possible as the results were, more often than not, disastrous.

Actually, a number of model kits existed, varying in complexity,





beginning with the simple glider. Now, gliders cost a nickel. No prop to fret over, no tissue paper to stretch over wing or fuselage—just four pieces of pre-cut balsa: a wing, a tail and the notched body itself. Preparing a glider required but a second or two, and even your dumb kid sister could do it. And, best of all, the darn things performed amazingly well. You'd whale your glider into the wind (a wet finger up first to test the breeze), and you'd watch it climb, roll over on its back in a long, satisfying swoop, then level off to land. Watching your own glider take that first loop was always a fine, worthwhile moment.

Glider were plenty okay, but you soon tired of them. The inevitable move to propellor-driven models was a tricky business, involving countless crashes and great frustration. After a careful selection, you'd pay up to a quarter for your kit, rush home from the five and ten with the bright box in the front basket of your bike, its contents rattling deliciously as you hit the street bumps. At home you'd rush into the house, and hastily clear a space on the kitchen table for the delicate assembly operation, spreading out the many bits and pieces of what you optimistically assumed would become a flying machine.

Raiding your mother's sewing kit for pins (to hold the tiny balsa struts in position while glue was being applied), you began construction, calm as a surgeon, conjuring the pieces together with a Swiss watchmaker's skill (or so it seemed when you actually got a wing affixed miraculously to the fuselage). The strong odors of airplane glue and banana oil would fill the room. Finally, your mother would tell you to "get all that smelly junk out of the kitchen." Her angry complaint seemed to stem around the fact that the table was needed



for the family's evening supper. You hadn't thought of eating. Now it seemed grossly unfair of your parents to place the preparation of a mundane meal ahead of your creative efforts.

Grumbling, you'd transfer the half-assembled aircraft to the top of your bedroom dresser, and then the operation would resume.

Usually, unless you wanted to risk the possibility of mid-air collapse, you allowed your plane to dry overnight, and you went to bed with the window closed against any stray drafts which might damage your dresser-top prize.

I recall creeping out of bed after midnight and peering at it there on the high dresser, framed in white moonlight. I'd ease open a drawer and fish out my worn leather helmet and plastic aviation goggles. (Every kid owned a helmet with goggles.) Wearing these, I'd slip back under the covers. Through the scratched, fogged plastic the room disappeared, and I was high above Enemy Territory, a keen-eyed daredevil with my sights squarely set on the dodging crimson triplane of the Red Baron, the infamous, wholly evil Manfred Von Richthofen. And then, in my warm bed with the house church-quiet around me in the night, I'd coolly send Germany's greatest air ace plunging down in smoke.

Before he crashed, I'd be asleep.

Sunday morning always provided adventure beyond compare when you had a newly-completed aircraft to test-fly. Would the wings hold? Would the stretched tissue covering the glued struts rip and flutter away? Would the rubber-band snap under the many twists of the prop as you wound her tight before takeoff? Would she dive straight into the hard earth or settle properly on the narrow wooden wheels provided for perfect landings? These were momentous questions, designed to try the soul.

On our block we had special take-off strips, several feet long, of smooth concrete, and far enough above ground to provide the proper lift. (They were actually the projecting sides of nearby apartment house steps.)

The Winding of the Prop was a delicate, nerve-racking business. You had to sense the moment when tension on the rubber band had reached the ultimate danger point. An extra twist beyond this and the whole fuselage might buckle! You then placed the craft on the strip, shouted "Clear for takeoff!" (and several other similar commands, having to do with what you'd observed at the Saturday Matinees), then released the prop, stepping back smartly.

Your tissue-and-balsa creation would leap forward on its fragile wooden wheels and, with luck, take to the air in a whirl of unwinding rubber.

"Yea!" you'd shout, pointing upward. "Look at 'er fly!"

It would end all too abruptly, usually in a tangle of crushed wood as the plane contacted a tree, or a parked car, or the hard, unforgiving ground. Smooth landings were rare—and *always* a surprise. You would sadly retrieve the crumpled remains of your proud craft and head stubbornly back to the kitchen, determined to effect all necessary repairs before the table was claimed for supper.

There were also the smaller, non-flying models designed for shelf or dresser-top, which were solid, with immovable props and wheels. You built one of these whenever it rained, or during deep winter, when actual flying was impossible.

Winter, though, had its merits. Hill-side sledding was always a chance for more air victories. A rival's sled was an enemy plane, and a cleverly hurled snowball was enough to win your sky battle. When your own sled was turned over or forced into a snowbank the battle was lost. To fight an air battle without wearing your goggles was unthinkable, but the plastic was so scratched and misted that a young pilot's sight was often seriously affected. It was not unusual to attack one of your own squadron under such adverse conditions, although this always proved embarrassing to an ace. And we were all aces.

We favored the twin-winged "crates." They were outdated even then, in '39, but we loved 'em: Spads, Nieuports, Sopwith Camels, Jennies and Fokkers. We each had our favorite air heroes from the first World War. One of mine was the intrepid Canadian, Billy Bishop, whose exploits were duly canonized in the pages of more than one dramatic big-little book.

When I ran out of big-little books I wrote my own air stories, abrim with violent death and the rattle of guns. I filled two blue-lined school tablets with such epics as "Ace of All Aces," "Death on Wings," "Steve Drake, Private Air Scout," and "Vulture of the Wolf Patrol, 7th Pursuit Squadron 14, Battlen (my spelling of Battalion) 11." The writing perfectly reflects my 10-year-old frame of mind, and these random passages, (original spelling intact) will serve to demonstrate what a kid in the thirties thought of air war.

"Gunfire slashed across the crimson sky as twin Vickers sang a song of hot lead and death . . . A bullet lodged itself in Vulture's left sholder. He felt a hot burning pain like that of pens and needles . . . 15 planes dove out of the blue. Huns! yelled Vulture . . . The flight leader, Baron Von Blitz, sat in his HE-5 . . . and he was furious. More lead tore across the sky. A 44 caliber shell tore a furrow through his

head . . . A portion of the Baron's tail was shot off . . . With a scream he fell into space dead before he hit the ground."

And when my own gory imagination gave out I'd return to the radio for a Captain Midnight adventure, or listen in frozen awe as Jack Armstrong's faithful Uncle Jim turned over his personal plane to Jack (and Betty and Billy). This plane, so the radio told us, was always kept warmed up and ready for instant takeoff by Uncle Jim.

But the supreme thrills could be fully savoured only at the movies, and here in the enchanted, magic dark we would watch Jimmy Cagney, the brash, scarf-wearing pilot bravely fight the controls of his falling ship in "Ceiling Zero." We watched stalwart Thomas Mitchell crash in "Only Angels Have Wings," and we cheered Erroll Flynn in "Dawn Patrol." My favorite cinema air opus was an obscure Wallace Beery film entitled "Devil Dogs of the Air," and I recall having seen it eleven times over a 3-year period in the thirties.

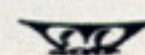
The pulps were a part of those years: *G-8 and his Battle Aces*, *Air War*, *Air Adventures*. Nearly every kid in our town devoured them like gumdrops, and I can still envision those garish covers, across which two-winged planes were locked in combat, guns spitting deadly fire, a Spad on the tail of a Fokker, the American pilot grim-jawed, eyes slitted behind the sights, the German agape with terror, blood threading from his open mouth.

IT IS 1939, and you're a kid, maybe eleven or twelve, going on thirteen. Out in the backyard the treehouse is waiting. Quick now! On with the helmet and goggles; tie the long white scarf (which belongs to Dad) around your neck. Strap on an extra cap pistol in case you're shot down behind enemy lines, and snap those bicycle clips around your pants.

Your Spad is ready to go; the sky is wide and ocean blue, fleeced with distant clouds (which could hide a covey of Fokkers). Climb aboard, adjust your stick guns, rev up your invisible engine (the one inside your head), then take off, into battle.

Somewhere up there, as sure as sin, the Flying Circus is out on patrol. Today, with any luck at all, you'll catch the Red Baron himself. And what a sky battle *that* will be! And remember, don't land until your fuel tank is empty, your guns out of ammo and your wings shot off. Don't land for *anything*—until Mom calls you in for supper.

Even devil dogs of the air have to eat.







"Watch that lamp; it's got a . . .



. . . short!"





Lawell





# DEATH OF A BANDIT

What you have to remember  
is the Fire Island motto: "a  
little less quiet in there...."

FICTION BY ALFRED BESTER

"I'm gassed, I'm charged," Webb laughed. "I'm the original Renaissance cat, and you're all bandits." • He left Phil Collins' house where a nude girl standing on a piano stool wriggled and giggled as the guests painted a gilt bikini on her skin. "You're tickling my crouch," she complained. The bandits thought that was hilarious. • Fire Island was filling with tensions as the Saturday night party hysteria mounted. Barefoot men and women wandered along the walks from cottage to cottage, party-hopping, party-crashing, carrying their drinks with them. Hosts darted out of houses and invited strangers to join the boy-girl-boy-girl carnivals within. Livid heat lightning flickered over the ocean where the



red and green lamps of the moss-bunker fleet winked through the sullen haze.

"Go! Go! Go!" Webb chuckled. "Boy-girl-boy-girl. Paris is Port Jervis compared to Fire Island."

He poked his head into Frenchy's tinsel saloon where a crop-headed fag was playing a nightclub-type piano miserably, and half a dozen vivid girls sat at the bar, displaying themselves in tight Capri pants and loose blouses.

"Hi!" they called. "Have a drink."

"In my day we did the picking up," Webb grinned, crossing to them. "*Walpurgis Nacht*. Where have I been all my innocence?"

He went solemnly down the bar, accepting mouthfuls from their glasses, mostly martinis on the rocks. "I'm a stranger here myself," Webb told them, "but far from lost. Geronimo! Walk, not run, to the nearest sand dune. I can live better than any man in the house."

A hand on his shoulder turned him around. It was Tug Stacy, his host, looking annoyed.

"For Christ's sake, Ben, I've been all over the island, tailing you. What've you been up to?"

"Living. Drinking. Mating. I'm possessed."

"Are you plastered?"

"Only on life. Why didn't you tell me the island was like this? Jazz for the Renaissance Man."

"Yeah. It hits everybody that way the first time. Come on back to the house. You're running a temperature." Stacy took Webb's arm. As Webb was hauled out of the saloon, he stole a glass off the bar, feeling much like Pancho Villa.

"No I'm not; I'm a bandit. I'm a hundred feet high. Name anything, and I can do it." Webb pointed to a Charles Addams shack on the bay. "Who lives there?"

"Fern Avery, the photographer."

"Love her like a brother. Let's go."

"You're loaded."

"I'm exalted. There's a party. I want to go, go, go!" Webb threw his glass into the bay and charged into the house, Stacy following. Fern Avery, a big lesbian, was conducting a contest. Four models in off-the-shoulder dresses were shimmying zealously to see which could shake her bosom out first. A dark woman holding a seven year old boy by the hand was leaving as they entered. The boy was half asleep.

"You're a midget," she told the boy. "God! How I hate midgets! Here, get high."

She held a martini glass to the child's mouth. Webb leaped at her and knocked the glass away. "That's a hell of a thing to do," he growled. "Live

it up for yourself, but the kid—take him home. Put him to bed."

"Whose?" she drawled, dragging the boy out.

"Who she?" Webb asked Stacy.

"Glenna Crane," Stacy answered gloomily. "She was Miss Boll Weevil or The Sweetheart of Segregation five years ago."

"Can't anybody stop her from treating the boy like that?"

Stacy shrugged. "It's her kid."

The appearance of a pink nipple made Webb forget his indignation. "Hey! Timber!" he applauded. "Crazy, man. You've got it made on Fire Island. You're all hibited. Leave us enjoy somewhere else. Too many dykes here for a bandit." He grabbed a glass and lurched out of the shack. "Boy-girl-boy-girl," he laughed. "You can do anything here so long as it's alive. Adventure unlimited. I feel born again." He hurled his glass at the porch of a dark cottage. As it smashed, he yelled: "A little less quiet in there!"

"For God's sake, Ben, lay off. That's the Bruce house."

"And what do they do for kicks?"

"Come on, will you. Their little girl was drowned this morning. Leave them alone."

"I apologize to the Bruces," Webb muttered, and tiptoed to the porch where he cleaned up the broken glass. "That sobered me," he told Stacy mournfully. "Take me home and fill my crankcase."

Stacy led Webb back to the patio of his own cottage on the dunes where other guests were decorously shouting against the boom of the surf. Candles inside hurricane shades flickered and danced; the hi-fi roared through speakers hung from the eaves. Webb lined himself with stingers that fumed through his head.

"I've been here just one day," he told everybody, "and I know twice as much about Fire Island as you do. I know how the surf turns lilac at sunset. I know what the gulls sound like—small boys practicing Tarzan yells. I know a place in the dunes where the sand squeaks like puppy dogs, and where the sandpipers stake their claims. They have harems, did you know? And the gent sandpipers fight over their ladies. The wild ducks fly like those phallic charms they sell in Pompeii, and crabs and scallops go visiting at night. I—" Webb turned to Stacy. "I want to go fishing," he said.

"You don't catch anything at this tide."

"I'm capable of enormities. Will you bet?"

They were all laughing. Stacy's wife said: "Put him to bed, Tug."

"I will not go to bed." Webb finished

another stinger. "The fantasy of this gassed island has rubbed off on me. I want to be Captain Ahab. Or call me Ishmael. Where's your harpoons?"

"All I've got is tackle," Stacy grinned. He opened a fishing locker set in the patio wall. In it were displayed surf rods and bay rods. On the shelves were spinning reels, squidding reels, glittering tin jigs, monstrous bass plugs, clusters of hooks, jars of pork rind, sinkers, knives and sundries.

"No, no, no," Webb exclaimed, disgusted. "Wherefore all this sophistication? I'm in a primitive mood. Give me a hook. Just a hook, that's all."

"Give him a hook and put him to bed, Tug."

"To hell with bed. Should I sleep away my one brush with naked magic? Give me a hook. I'll bring back a shark, a whale, a leviathan. Adventures to the adventurous, and you're all living on nembutal."

"Forget it, Ben. Have a drink."

"I'll have a drink," Webb answered in a high passion, "and I'll have a hook. I'll catch a fish to shame you. Is it a bet?" He drank. "Fifty-four-forty, or fight. There goes a ghost crab." He pointed to a tiny grey crab, the size of a postage stamp, scuttling over the sand. "He and I are one tonight. Let nature devour you and only your soul remains."

He whipped a hook off a shelf, vaulted over the back rail of the patio, and ran up to the crest of the dune. As he tobogganed down the other side to the beach, he heard Stacy shouting: "Ben! Ben! Come back! will you!"

"A leviathan by morning," Webb called, climbing to his feet. "Da Vinci could do no more."

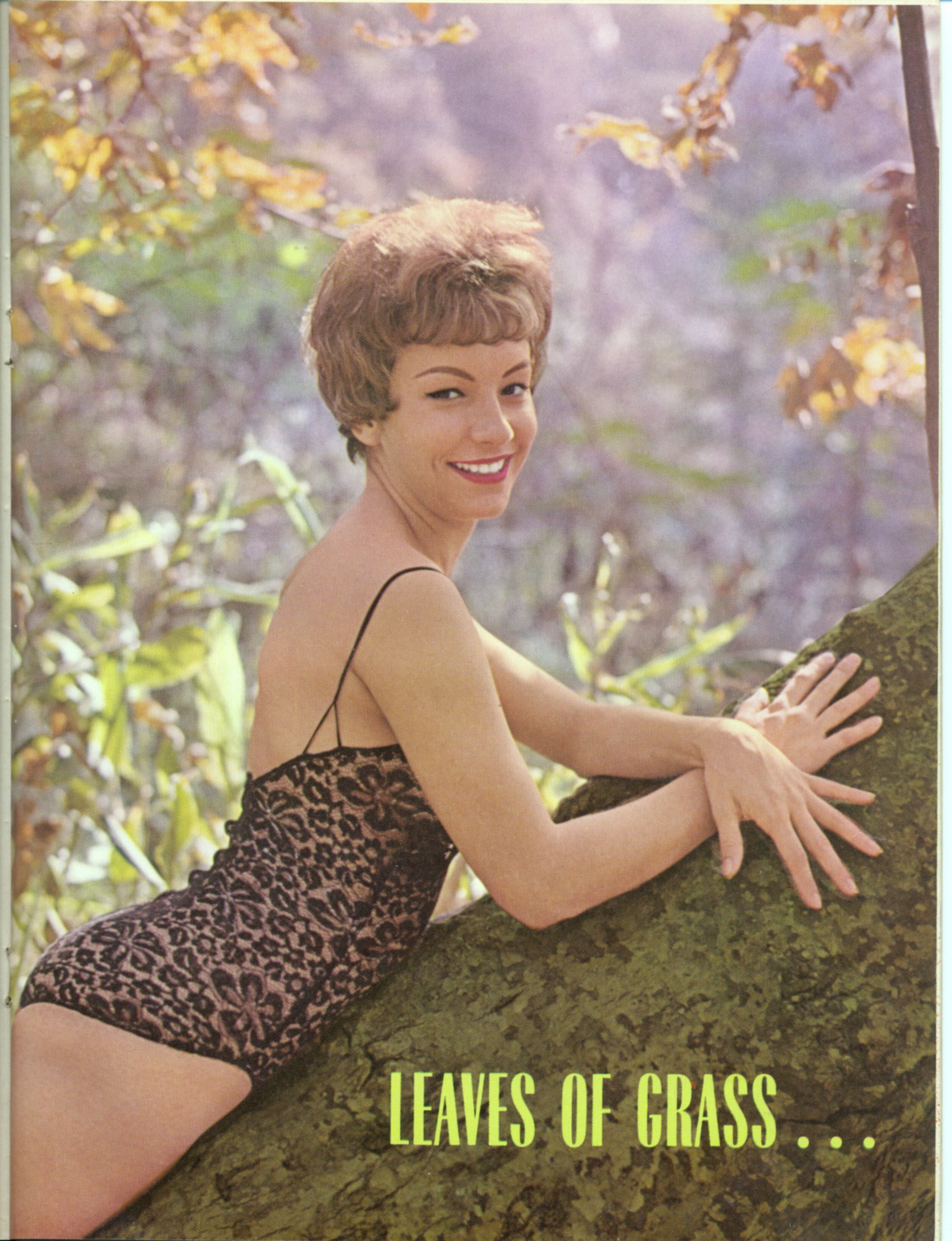
He ran down the beach through the mist and the spray, and passed the last cottages of the village. Then he was alone on the long white ribbon, flanked on the one side by the heavy-browed dunes, and on the other by the surging surf. He ran on and on, his mind clattering with fragments, his skin shimmering with sensations.

"There are a dozen Ben Webbs," he told himself, "but this bandit's a new one. I like him. I hope he likes me. We could go places together. What the hell am I doing with this cockamaymee fish hook? I'm drunk, but I'm the greatest drunk in the world. I'm a universe."

He passed the village dump, half an acre of rubbish spread in little valleys between the dunes. There were old car bodies, refrigerators, furniture, stoves; it looked like the ghost of a department store. Webb turned on impulse and sorted through the rubbish dimly until he found a tangle of kite twine and an iron nut for a sinker. While he was untangling the twine,

(Continued on page 79)





LEAVES OF GRASS . . .



**THE ROGUE GIRL** MISS COLEEN WHITMAN










**THE ROGUE GIRL** MISS COLEEN WHITMAN









No Walt this, our lovely Coleen, but a Whitman withal; and one whom the bearded poet might well have had in mind when he indited these words . . . "Youth, large, lusty, loving—Youth full of grace, force, fascination . . ." Certainly Coleen Whitman reclining on leaves of grass (or any less poetic bed) would need no writer's gilded words to enhance her beauty one whit more. In truth she is youth, and beauty. 



PHOTOGRAPHY: PETER GOWLAND





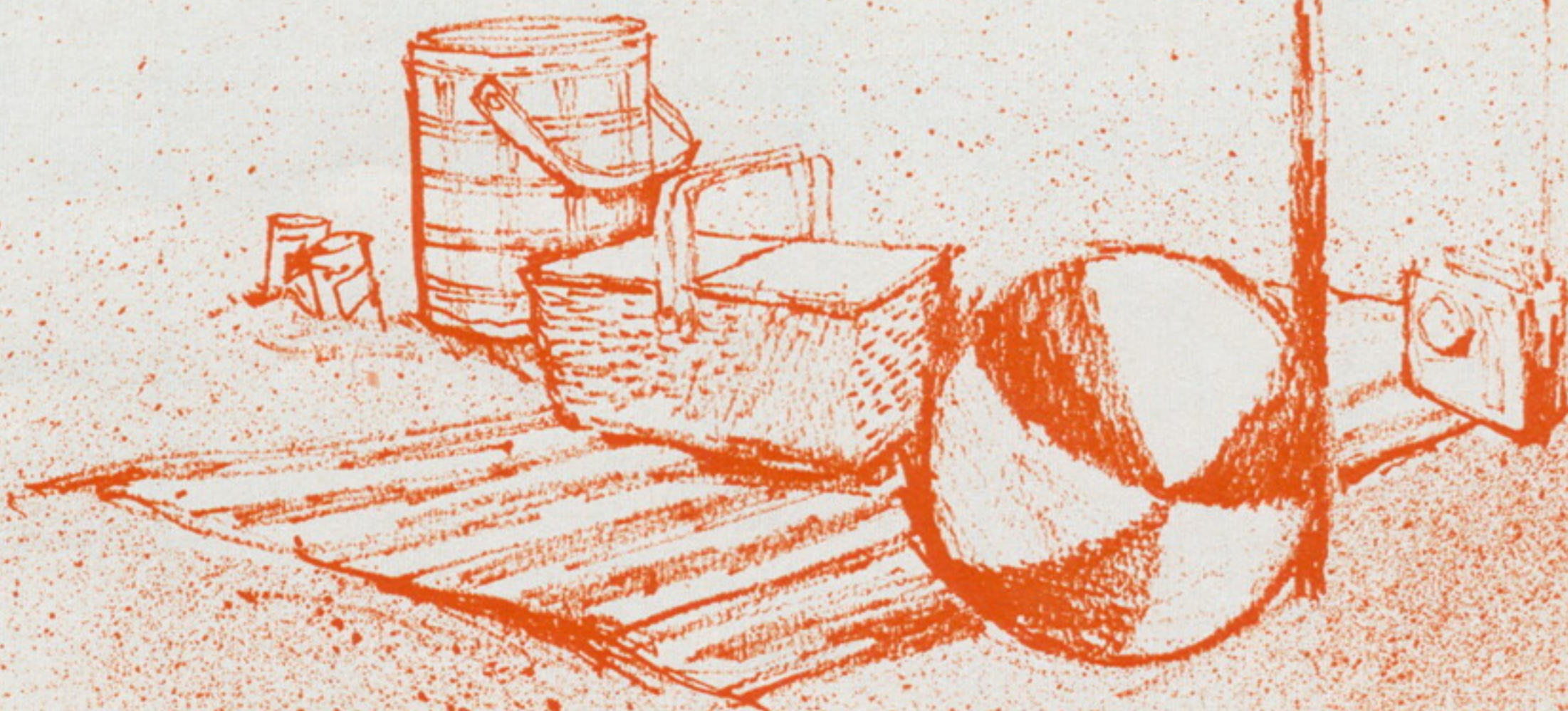
"No, no, Miss Kenton . . . I said your BRASSIE!"



"Ten-shun! The order of  
the day is leisure. So  
swim or saunter, but be

**AT EASE!**

FASHION BY JEROLD CLAY JR.





ON THE BEACH this summer it won't really matter whether your bathing trunks are Jamaica-length, traditional boxers or bikinis—or if you prefer, a skin-diving suit that covers you from ankle to wrist—but if they aren't as red-white-and-blue as boating signal flags, or if the shirt that covers you modestly on your way across the sand doesn't match or contrast (green, black and orange?), you may as well stay home.

The three gentlemen on the left in this illustration are gazing with awe upon our cigarette-smoking fashion plate, with his

horizontally striped Bikini swim trunks with matching shirt-jacket on which the stripes are running (fast) in the other direction. But it's not the boldness of his high-fashion attire or his up-to-the-minute straw hat that commands respect for this gentleman. It's that he's just threatened to pop anyone who smiles in the kisser.

But our three watchers needn't worry, they're showing a good deal of sense—in their beachwear choices. Gentleman number one, on the far left, wears Jamaica-length trunks with a lightweight cotton

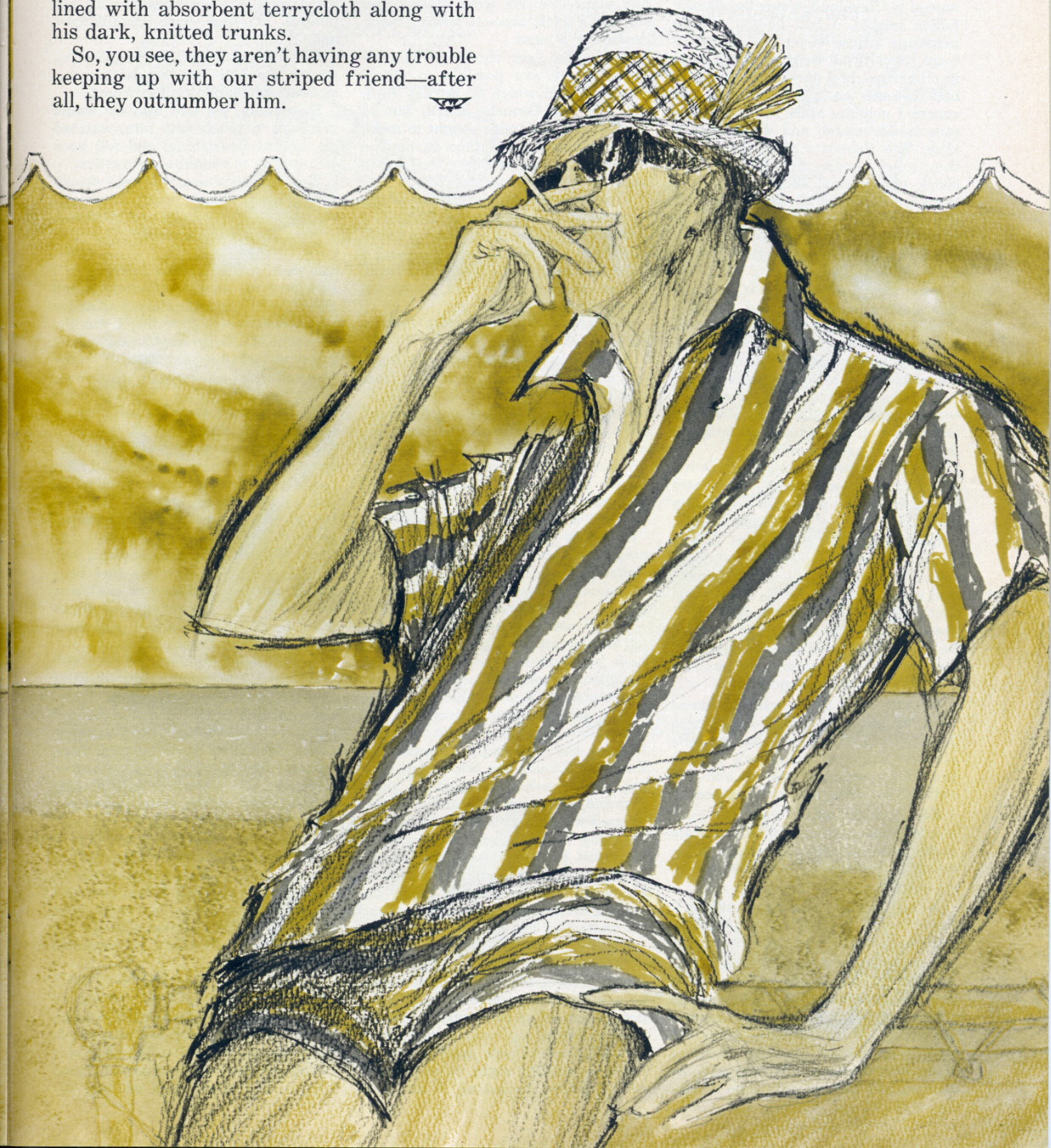




sweatshirt in a contrasting color and carries a light straw hat of his own; a conservative outfit with an appropriately comfortable air. Gentleman number two sports a knitted shirt with open collar and standard boxer trunks with newly-fashionable, snug-fitting lines. And gentleman number three wears a light-colored, light-weight parka jacket lined with absorbent terrycloth along with his dark, knitted trunks.

So, you see, they aren't having any trouble keeping up with our striped friend—after all, they outnumber him.

ILLUSTRATION: JACK CROW





Continued from page 14

teen. Now, ten—no, thirteen years later, Kandor was back in my life.

If anything had saved me from becoming a real flip, from wasting my life and what little talent I had, after my father died and my mother and I moved to Cleveland, it was the science fiction people. I had bought a pulp magazine whose cover had shown a huge robot firing bolts of flame from its fingertips, and almost immediately had become an *aficionado*. In due course I met the other science fiction fans in Cleveland, and we formed a club, The Solarians. Not only were they good people, but there was a swirl of wonder about them that turned my world of sadness into a golden time and space of hyperspatial rocket ships, alien lifeforms and concepts of the universe that I'd never even suspected existed.

Inevitably, one of the Cleveland newspapers came to the club rooms to do a feature on us. It was the usual cheapjack yellow journalism, tongue firmly in cheek and ridicule replacing reportage. The article appeared in all the editions of that day's paper, and we were more mortified than flattered. Someone even suggested iron filings in the reporter's coffee cake.

All of this was background, however, for the new magic soon to enter our lives, in the person of G. Barney Kandor.

One night Al Watson—in whose small apartment we held meetings—reported a phone conversation he had had earlier that day. "So he said his name was Kandor, with a 'K', and that he was prepared to, uh, how did he put it, 'Lift us from the realm of mediocrity and anonymity to the heights of public awareness.'"

We all stared at Al, and Al beamed back at us. "Isn't that swell?" he asked. "This guy says he has contacts all over the world, and he's coming over this evening to meet us and find out our potentialities for greatness."

Ben Jackson, one of the more lucid minds present, had the intemperate presence to ask, "Our potentialities for what? Is that another of his remarks?" Al nodded.

None of this prepared us, as it turned out, for the actual physical presence of G. Barney Kandor.

At nine-thirty the doorbell rang, and we scurryingly rearranged ourselves into positions of respectability and sober world-view as Al went to answer the door. All we could see when the door was opened was Al, standing there with his hand outstretched to be shaken, and then a convulsive widen-

ing of the eyes, and the tiniest gasp of disbelief and consternation.

Kandor entered the room, and for an instant I thought his Brothers would follow him. He stalked, not walked, in that half-crouch Groucho Marx has patented for the "Captain Spaulding, the African Explorer" number; his moustache was a black, rectangular brush, his hair was wild and mane-like. He wore glasses and smoked a thick, obscene-looking black hawser of a cigar.

After the first shocking moment wore off, it was possible to detect small ways in which G. Barney Kandor was *not* Groucho Marx, but so studiously had Kandor sought to mock his appearance, at no time during the fantastic evening were we free of the impulse to burst into laughter.

(I was later to learn that one of the larger downtown theaters in Cleveland occasionally hired Kandor as a sandwich man, strictly on his appearance.)

"A decidedly good evening to you, fellow roamers of the vast, uncharted Universe!" he greeted us.

No bull, that is the way G. Barney Kandor talked.

Stunned as we all were by this brash and obviously hammy individual from out of nowhere, Ben Jackson again made his mark by stepping forward, shaking Kandor's hand and introducing himself. Then he led Kandor around the room, introducing him to Honey Steel, Frank Androsicz, Earl Kamen and, finally, me.

"This is Walter Innes," Ben said. "Walter is the editor of our club magazine and quite a promising writer."

Kandor promptly deluged me with words. "A remarkable young man, Mr. Jackson. Remarkable. I can tell he has an intuitive grasp of matters both cosmical and naturalistic from the glint of supernine awareness in his lustrous eyes. Remarkable! A man to watch, indeed, a man to watch."

And so it went all that evening. Kandor the monologist, Kandor the financier, Kandor the *bon vivant* waving his silver-headed walking stick. Amused, bemused, confused and nonplussed we sat and listened to his meandering reminiscences of the world in which he had moved, his aspirations, his love of science fiction (and his total unawareness of even the leading writers in the field) . . . and we waited for the kicker.

Finally, it came.

"Fellow Solarians," he burst out, during a three-second lull in what had been entirely *his* conversation, "and I hope I am of a full-hearted enough nature, borne up with camaraderie and effusion for you good people of the stars and the night, to call myself so . . . fellow Solarians, I am pre-

pared to make you well-known, nay, say *responsive* to the plucked chords of public sentiment, as you have long waited to be! Why should men and women of your ilk, men and women with so much to give to a world pleading for light and guidance, be relegated to positions of obscurity and idle activity? You are the brave new future of this land, and I am prepared—for a small fee—to hoist you by the petards of your own magnificence and—"

We were readers of *Startling Stories*, where the hell was he getting this saviours of Mankind crap from?

Eventually, we told him we would get back in touch with him, watched his exeunt flourishing, and fell back as a group, in absolute exhaustion.

Earl Kamen it was, who very simply said it, in a quiet voice, as we all slumped there, drained and confused.

"Hey, that guy's a crook."

AND NOW, thirteen years later, after I had gone my way, the Solarians had gone theirs, and G. Barney Kandor had, presumably, gone his, I was the recipient of a telegram, like a rainbow voice out of the past, like a many-flavored bird of passage that once every thousand years lights and casts its gay gloom over anyone lucky enough to be around.

I put Kandor and his officious, nonsensical 'gram out of my mind till later that night, when we were at one of the local night clubs, one of the few left in Cleveland's now-ghost-towned downtown. I was with Bernice, my sister Beverly and her husband Jerold—the optician—and we had been joined by the headliner of the show (a well-known male singer who prefers I do not use his name), and three girls out of the Twist chorus.

How Kandor came up, I don't recall now, but I told them of our meeting thirteen years before, when I had been in high school and had not yet written the first book. "And you know, every once in a while," I told them, "when I'd be downtown, I'd see him on the street. He was a sidewalk photographer most of the time. I suppose that's where he made his living."

Then my brother-in-law, who is easily the most evenly composured guy I know, added, "You bet your life he remembers you, Walt. When you were in town three years ago with your book, uh, which one was that—"

"No More Flames," I reminded him.

"Right. 'No More Flames.' Well, when you were at that autograph party at Burrows', he found the write-up in the *Press*, with my name in it, and he came around to the shop, and introduced himself. Said he was a good

(Concluded on page 54)



# THE POWER of REASON

WHEN WE FIRST MET, I WAS A PERFECT **GENTLEMAN**... MANNERS, THOUGHTFULNESS, TENDERNESS... BUT I GOT THE FEELING THAT OUR RELATIONSHIP WASN'T PROGRESSING...



SO I TREATED YOU AS I KNEW I HAD TO... I AFFIRMED MY MASCULINITY... I MADE ALL THE DECISIONS... I TOLD YOU WHAT TO DO... I **DOMINATED** YOU... BUT YOU STILL SEEMED TO BE DRIETING AWAY...



THEN IT DAWNED ON ME THAT I WAS OVERLOOKING THE FACT THAT OUR INTERESTS WERE WORLDS APART... SO I LEARNED ALL ABOUT HAIR STYLING and FASHIONS and T.V. and BRIDGE... I DEVELOPED **MUTUAL INTERESTS**, BUT NOTHING SEEMED TO HAPPEN...



SO I KNEW YOU WERE....  
...YES, OF COURSE... YOU WERE YEARNING FOR ME TO BECOME **PHYSICALLY AGGRESSIVE!!** I DID!! BUT YOU RAN FROM ME....



**NOW** I KNOW WHY NOTHING WORKED... YOU'RE AFRAID TO GET **INVOLVED** BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE THE QUICKSAND!!



**YOU LOVE ME TOO MUCH!!**





THESE ARE THE ANGRY WORDS OF A

# DATELINE: DEATH ROW CHICAGO

commentary by  
Paul Crump



CHICAGO PHOTOS: U.P.I.



# A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS SPENT THE LAST NINE YEARS IN THE DEATH HOUSE OF



I sprang from the womb or came on the by-roads . . . Emerged from the lake, or stepped through the fields into the open arms of your sin . . .

Chicago: Lady of The Lake, Mistress of The State. Chicago: sprawled in your neon splendor . . . Tantalizing . . . Exotic. I love you . . . What is your price? My soul . . .? I lay it at your feet . . . Reject it and I will reach for your squealing flesh . . .

Chicago: Buckingham Fountain, Tribune Tower, The Merchandise Mart, and Lake Shore Drive . . . Liveried doormen . . . The Ambassador East . . . The happy screams of Riverview and the nocturnal songs of the Pump Room, the Gaslight and Tradewinds . . . Your Pimps. Soliciting Conventioneer. Clawing. Jackrolling the Monied Man: the High and Mighty and the Country Square . . . Callous hustlers with upturned palms . . . Your ear tuned only to the sound of dropping coins . . . Deafened to the hungry wails of your slums.

Chicago: Bridewell and the County Jail, 47th and Calumet . . . Hymns to a Commercialized God, spewing upon the poverty-stricken, alco-narcotic, South-Side-Saturday-Night. Rhythm and Blues crescendoing through the dilapidated portals of the Holy rock 'n rollin' storefront churches . . . Where "Jesus Christ" is but an exclamation on the lips of angry men . . . And the instrument of destroying pillars of individualism in the temple of the mind . . . Who termed your brazenness "Chi" . . .? In you I searched for equality and understanding and found them as a blind alley. A dead end street, where each house is a tributary to the tears of red-suicide flooding the gutter. And bored youth grasps the knife of death and the gun of sorrow in a frustrated attempt to destroy monotony . . . But in the end erects a vicious manhood instead . . .



Chicago: Where a man did dance with his wife and gained immortality (who are you kidding?). He was a nancy and she was from Lesbos; and it was MY nickel in the juke box . . .

The Rape of Civilization by barbaric survival—gunsmoke of a well-planned heist gone foul. Bribed cops. Crushed cigarette butts and melted ice in leaky paper cups. Peals of drunken laughter in plush penthouse apartments . . . Baby, You're LIVIN' . . . !

And State Street is "Great" north of 39th.

Then, penniless, in a coldwater flat listening to the cracked blues record, wishing for a drink of cheap wine and thinking of the girls who got away . . . As you grow old in my eyes, and in my thoughts I see the maggots feasting upon your corrupt soul. Why doesn't your beauty fade . . . ?

Legions of bondsmen and myriad shysters for the defense . . . newspapers . . . daily resurrections of Capone and Dillinger . . . applause for the Society from which they sprang . . . graft and corruption fester into twin epidemics and stalk the avenues and boulevards, slaying or enslaving youth. Fabulous fantasies are outspoken by empty realities.

Sailboats glide across blue-green waters. Clouds scud through grey skies. Children laugh in Grant Park. Industry hums its song of might, given cadence by thundering stomp of trains; while Commie Fronts scream their innuendoes from sculptured stumps in Bughouse Square . . .

Homeless march in vague contemplation of the enigma which is tomorrow.

Chicago: Where driver's licenses are of a denomination, backed by the integrity of government. Minor court convenes in a circulating squad car. Violations are absolved when portraits of dead presidents change hands.

Wilson Screams . . . !

Who cares . . . ?





PAINS OF THE CITY OF HIS BIRTH, THE CITY WHICH HAS CONDEMNED HIM.



Chicago smiles, calling her blemish a "beauty mark" and points a chiding finger toward her antiquated Criminal Courts. Their lofty walls of dignified hypocrisy and dusty laws form a barrier to conceal the brothel of our goddess: Justice.

Black-robed procurers, with green hands, play God for the brief eternity of a lifetime. Pimps to this Divine Prostitute. Kneel in supplication to her earning power. But none will dare to say that even time will conquer crime. Favors must be purchased in a political bargain basement, while her blindfolded symbol, her "fixed" scale and her sword of harsh retribution stand guard on archaic tradition.

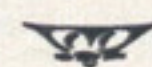
Due Process Of Law, the two-edged sword. Hallowed corridors, with the hunched ghost of the once eloquent Darrow walking, weeping over the regiment upon regiment of men sent to prison. To Riot. To Woe . . . to be "R-E-H-A-B-I-L-I-T-A-T-E-D" . . . to languish . . . to hang themselves on the bars . . .

AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL . . . !

Chicago: Slick Chick . . . Volcano of Restlessness . . . Well of Loneliness into whose depths I gaze, knowing that only in Death will you truly embrace me with the warm arms of your grave. I do not long for the warmth of your embrace, nor do I hunger for the passion of your lips. You are still a stranger. Only with life can I ever get to know you. Do not interrupt my uncompleted search for love, love, LOVE . . . ! Let me find it, in part, on your lusty streets—with reefers to prolong the blissful animalism of a momentary acceptance of the beautiful illusion of the Dream in substitution for the Brutality of the Real . . .

I laugh, you smile. I cry, you shriek with ecstatic joy. But I love you, for you are home.

Chicago: When will you stop hating me . . . ?





*Concluded from page 48*

friend, and really came on with me. I managed to get him out of the store, I had a couple of patients, and he was yelling and making a complete ass of himself."

I grinned, imagining G. Barney Kandor's capers in mild, good-natured Jerry's optical shop.

"But now every time he sees me on the street," Jerry Rabnick continued, "he follows me for blocks with that damned camera of his, yelling at the top of his lungs, 'HEY, THERE GOES DOCTOR RAB, THE BROTHER-IN-LAW OF AMERICA'S FINEST NOVELIST! HEY, DOCTOR RAB, HOW GOES IT?'"

Then my sister chimed in. "We were having a Temple benefit, and he called me, offering something or other, I don't remember what it was now, but I called the Better Business Bureau to check on him and so help me, when I mentioned his name, the girl groaned and flashed the switchboard and said, 'Refer this call to the Kandor Department.'" I broke up completely, then.

"He sounds like a real creep," one of the Twist girls commented. "He musta been in an' outta jail a million times. He sounds like a real crook."

I was reminded of Earl Kamen's remark so many years before, and it started the juices flowing. "Perhaps not," I replied. "Perhaps G. Barney Kandor lives in his little world of pretense and tomfoolery, believing he is a press agent *extraordinaire*. Perhaps he's fooled himself into thinking he's a big man, and these little hang-ups with the police and people shunning him are just the stupidity of the masses. People who don't recognize his greatness."

Then Bernice shook me by saying, "I think he's pathetic. I feel sorry for him."

I snorted. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, for Christ's sake. Do you take in stray cats and puff adders, too?"

Bernice stuck her tongue out at me. "You've just become too big a deal to remember people like him. Not everybody makes it. This little guy apparently lives a lie, but it's all he's got. I think you stink."

And that was what formed my decision. "All right, Miss Humanitarian, I'll tell you what let's do: let's find out where he lives and go pay him a visit. You'll see him for himself, as he really is, stripped of all the sadness and tarnished glory. He probably lives in some fleabag hotel with girly pictures on the walls, and a card file on how to fleece suckers like you."

So we looked it up; it was an address on the West Side.

There were ten of us by the time our cavalcade got to Kandor's street. We had picked up two of the musicians from the combo that backed the Well-Known Male Singer, and all ten of us, in three cars, had turned it into quite a little party. We were all pretty stoned by the time we got out there, and it was four or five in the morning.

The street was dark and the houses were paint-peeling, sad-faced, a bit too grim for us really to laugh much. But so intent were we—all of us except Bernice—on revealing G. Barney Kandor as a fraud and a poltroon, that not even the slum neighborhood could really dampen us.

We found the house, and stopped in front. "Here, let me get a couple of my books out of the glove compartment," I said. "I'll use them to re-establish our 'friendship.' After all, it has been thirteen years." The others in the car all laughed and egged me on. All except Bernice.

I rang the bell and didn't really pay any attention to the fact that it was early in the morning and the house was black. A light came on somewhere inside, and after a moment the door opened a trifle. I looked down at a woman's face. "Yes?" she asked, frightened.

"We're friends of G. Barney Kandor. Is he here?"

"Barney? No, he's out this evening. May I help you? I'm Mrs. Kandor."

She was built like a muffin, and had her hair up around her head in a large braid. She was wearing a faded housecoat and a pair of bedroom slippers from which the fuzz had departed. Another figure, a young girl, came to stand behind the older woman.

I suddenly felt very foolish.

"Well, uh, my name is Walter Innes, I'm a writer, and, uh, a friend of Barney's; I—uh—I thought I'd drop by to—uh—" I looked around at the nine others, trying to find some help. They had suddenly developed Little Orphan Annie's Disease: blank eyeballs.

"Oh, Mr. Innes!" the little woman chirped. "Oh, my gosh, yes! Barney has spoken of you many times."

She opened the door wide and then turned to the young girl. "Gwen, run and turn on the lights and put on some coffee!"

We came in and she led us into the living room. It was furnished in Early Squalor. I wanted to get out of there very badly.

And yet, at the same time, I was really angry at G. Barney Kandor, really infuriated. Here was his wife and what was apparently his daughter, living in a dump and consigned to a life of poverty, while he ran around

Cleveland wasting money sending night letters and playing the poseur. I wanted to tell her what I thought of her husband and his ridiculous antics. I was, perhaps, a bit too drunk.

"Oh, Mr. Innes, it's such a pleasure to meet you at last. Barney has told us many times how he gave you your start. I'm just sorry he can't be here to see you; he's out on a very big promotion tonight."

I was too amazed at having learned G. Barney Kandor had given me my start to say anything. But the daughter, Gwen, chimed in, "Daddy always said you were his finest hour. Daddy always talks like that."

I nodded dumbly, and beside me I heard Bernice whisper "You bastard!" in my ear.

"Please sit down, won't you all," G. Barney Kandor's wife said. I then realized no one had introduced the small army she had let into her living room this wee small hour. As I went around introducing everyone, telling who they were, the two women's faces lit up. They recognized the singer, immediately, and when he said, "I'm sorry we missed Barney, Mrs. Kandor. He's a great help to me whenever I play Cleveland," she practically erupted in joy.

Well, it was an agonizing hour and a half. We sat there and heard what a great man G. Barney Kandor was, how this was only a temporary accommodation, how they were going to hit the big time soon, how Barney had connections in Hollywood, how the mayor was thinking of citing him for civic contributions, and on and on.

Finally, we made ready to depart. I took out my pen and signed the two books TO MY DEAR FRIEND, G. BARNEY KANDOR, FOR ALL HIS INVALUABLE HELP AND FOR SHOWING ME A SPECIAL PART OF THE UNIVERSE. WALTER INNES.

I gave them to her, and she stood on tiptoe to kiss my cheek. She said goodbye to us all, and we left.

Bernice didn't say anything all the way back to the hotel, but when we left the car with the doorman, and he said, "We watched you on TV today, Mr. Innes. You were great," Bernice snorted and gave me a knowing grin that told me I'd either have to fire her or marry her.

And I paused in that cold January Cleveland street, looking at myself and the pompous, humorless martinet I had become, so early in life, and I thought of G. Barney Kandor, who did indeed live in his little world of pretense and bombastic foolery—a better man in many ways than I could ever hope to be.



POETRY BY  
RICHARD GORDON

## *JUST FRIENDS*



A PEKINESE  
NAMED ABELARD  
LOVED HELOISE,  
A SAINT BERNARD.  
(HE FOUND THE GATES OF HEAVEN BARRED.)

HIS CUP WAS FILLED  
WITH BITTER GALL;  
HIS SPIRIT WILLED;  
HIS FLESH STAYED SMALL.  
(HER CUP WAS NEVER FILLED AT ALL.)

THE BEST LAID SCHEMES  
OF DOGS AND GUYS  
CAN TURN TO DREAMS  
FOR LACK OF SIZE.



# COLD NIGHT IN WASHINGTON

fiction By ROBERT FONTAINE

*Now was the winter of his discontent made manifest...or, kleptomania helps!*

I WORKED in Washington, D. C. (You call it "the District" when you work on a newspaper there. It gives it a homey touch.), years ago. I was a reporter, as many people were before me and will be after me. Everybody wants to be a reporter and it is about the most miserable life imaginable next to collecting trash for the city on the night shift.

Washington at that time was a dreary place to live unless you were the Ambassador from France or his mistress. (I'll hear about *that* from the State Department.) The night clubs were flea bags and the burlesque house was running down.

I was a very lonesome and cold reporter. A reporter is supposed to meet interesting people and, outside of the city editor who was a fat half-wit, all I met were pickpockets and big-headed hockey players because I covered police all day and sports all night.

In my spare time, I drank. I started off with cognac on payday and ended up with twenty-five cent bottles of light wine for a hangover six days later. I was drunk continuously which is the only way to be in Washington, or it was in those days. Perhaps everybody gets intoxicated with rapid reading and Jackie's new furniture these days.

I lived in a cold apartment in Georgetown. Washington is very cold in the winter because nobody thinks it's going to be and so they don't bother too much with heating it properly. They tell you Washington has a moderate climate but it is fearful in summer. You can fry your girl on F-Street at high noon. In winter it is damp, cold and miserable.

In winter in Washington if you are as ill-paid as reporters are by tradition, especially young ones, you must have a girl in order to maintain your proper body temperature at least some of the time.

For a long time I did not have a girl.

There were a few prostitutes in the building where I lived but they were very expensive, catering only to career men and detectives. Besides, that wasn't what I meant, anyway.

I got to know the girls quite well and the first summer I was there we formed a soft-ball team and used to go over to the State Department building, the old one, and play softball. It was quite innocent and got the girls out of bed and into the fresh air now and then.

This is probably the only regularly scheduled softball team that ever existed consisting solely of prostitutes and me. I really do not think anyone else can make that claim.

When winter came the girls were busy and I was cold and lonely. Somehow I was especially lonely when I heard the men come up the stairs and into the girl's rooms and laugh uneasily and then be quiet and then go through the usual animal noises and then, finally, I was almost certain I could hear the money rustle. Well, I was highstrung and drunk, see.

Anyway, one night I got to cover my first hockey game. Washington had a professional hockey team then and they were playing a team I do not want to mention by name because of what follows, but let us say they were the Shrikes.

This was the play-off and it meant money and glory and all that, I guess. The air was filled with excitement. When you have a ball team like the Washington Senators, even a good wrestler will excite you.

When I got to the press box, which was right alongside the ice, equipped with folding chairs, typewriters and bad whiskey, I noticed that all the reporters from the other papers had girls with them; either wives or mistresses or someone else's wife or mistress. You know us newspaper men!

I got really angry at the world, God,

the paper I worked for, the poor quality of the liquor and a fellow I shall call Smitz, Wilfrid Smitz.

I had gone to school with Wilfrid in Canada. We had stolen candy bars from the YMCA together and had grown up in an aura of gentility and disgust together, and you would think that after all these years he would be the last one to turn up as the manager of the Shrikes, particularly since he was badly pigeon-toed.

Seeing him roaming around and discovering his vast importance, and craving affection, friendship and anything else to keep me warm, I went to the dressing-room and introduced myself.

Wilfrid was very cool. He remembered me but he also remembered a little incident that I had hoped he would have had the charity to forget in his new greatness.

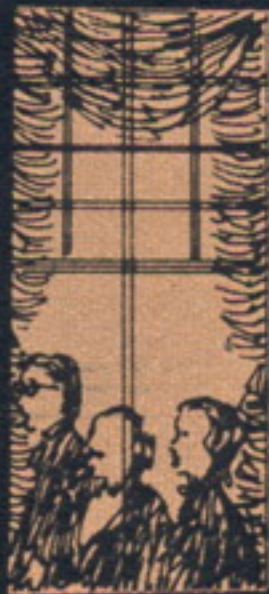
It had happened this way. Wilfrid had played semi-pro ball at the YMCA in Canada and one night he asked me if he could use my locker because he had a valuable watch and a lot of money. I said he could and he put his stuff in my locker.

Ten minutes later I stole his watch. I have no excuses except that I was poor and lonely and cold even then. Remember this was in Canada and it was damn cold. Also it was a most beautiful gold watch, inscribed, inscribed, gleaming like a Creole's breast.

The one redeeming feature about the incident was that I stole primarily for love of beauty. The watch absolutely fascinated me in its splendor. I was developing a poetic streak that has plagued me ever since and made me refuse to take advantage (for example) of drunken women, always insisting that they wait until they sober up and can judge whether they want to or not; a characteristic that has caused me to lose a lot of fascinating moments.

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At any rate, I stole the watch. I stole the chain, too. It was pretty obvious Wilfrid would miss it and although I made up fantastic excuses he threatened to tell my father and mother, have me expelled from school and even suggested the church would excommunicate me if I did not return the watch *as well as* pay him one dollar a week for fifty weeks for making him nervous.

I paid him the dollar for twenty-five weeks then he moved to Toronto to escape from something or other and I did not see him again until the night of this hockey game.

What do you think the first thing was Wilfrid said to me? What do you think? He said, "You still owe me twenty-five bucks, thief!"

I tried to laugh it off. I even suggested he give me a drink from a bottle he was emptying. I was willing to forgive and forget. Wilfrid kept harping on the twenty-five bucks and I kept telling him here was my address, he could send me a bill and I'd submit it to the newspaper. I knew there was as much chance of collecting as there was of me being made society editor.

Wilfrid grudgingly accepted my offer which was better than nothing. Besides he did not want to fight in front of the players who were very nervous because they were heavy favorites.

So I left Wilfrid, not feeling very warm and affectionate and I got drunker and drunker. Finally I determined I would *not* go back to the press booth without a girl. Everybody else had girls and it looked like a cold winter. Besides I did not want to suffer any more humiliation.

I wandered around the rink, making my choice. My eyes finally rested on a girl who seemed to be sitting alone beside an empty seat. I rested myself beside her and introduced myself as a Texas oil millionaire who was taking a flyer on Broadway and looking for beautiful young talent.

The girl said her name was Jane and that I was a liar. I said I was happy indeed to meet her and probably the reason she knew I was a liar was that I had forgotten about the drawl.

"As a matter of fact I was just looking for a girl and you appear to be a well-developed specimen of that sex."

Jane then explained that her boy friend had not showed up for their date and because he had said there were tickets at the box office she had come along hoping to find him.

The first period had just ended with the Shrikes ahead by two goals as was expected, so I invited Jane to forget

about her boy friend and come have a drink during the intermission.

She gladly assented, apparently considering me to have considerable charm. At the bar across the street we drank copiously, and I confessed I was actually a British nobleman in America to promote cricket and that my Rolls Royce was at her disposal.

After three or four drinks she was very gay and said she did not care what I was as long as I was charming and affectionate.

We went back and saw the rest of the game's second period, holding hands and kissing furtively and non-furtively. So happy was I after my long winter of discontent that I suggested we go back and visit the Shrikes' dressing-room and meet Wilfrid. I had Wilfrid on the brain. I had already disposed of the press box by openly necking before the stalwarts of the *Star*, the *Herald* and the *Arlington Bugle*.

Of course we had to be quite potted to think of going into a hockey players' dressing-room. In fact the moment we entered there were squeals of terror and humiliation from the sweaty players who had never seen a woman before between periods.

Wilfrid, who had been congratulating his players on their lead, which was now three goals, stepped forward and pushed me hard in the chest. "Crook!" he cried. "Drunken crook! Idiot! Don't you know better than to bring a girl into a dressing-room? Have you taken leave of your senses? This can be very upsetting!"

He grasped me in the proper position and, as one of the players opened the door, tossed me out of the room.

I got up and told Jane to stop giggling. As I brushed myself off I said, "I thought that phrase about taking leave of my senses, was pretty hammy."

"It was very exciting in there," Jane said. "But it did *smell* funny."

"There's a special pungence to hockey players," I explained. "Let's go and get drunk."

"We *are* drunk," Jane noted.

"It'll wear off if we don't keep plugging," I warned her.

"What about the game?"

I had already confessed I was a sports reporter. She did not believe this either but she wanted to check.

I said, "I'll get the score from the morning papers and rewrite their gibberish. Onward and upward toward the stars!"

I don't know how many clubs and bars we visited. They were all folded in grace and beauty. But Jane finally ran out of money and we finally went to my Georgetown freezer where we undressed and got into warm bathrobes and opened a bottle of bourbon

I had been saving for my own christening. I had never been christened and had always dreamed of having a real wing-ding of a christening some day.

I had gathered some old crates from the alley, and we soon had a roaring blaze going in the fireplace. Then we stretched out on my bed in the firelit room and talked of one thing and another, especially of how wonderful it was to find a friend and get drunk and be in a warm bed together no longer lonely or angry but eager and broke.

"Are you still drunk?" I asked Jane.

"I'm quite sober," she said.

"I'm glad," I told her, "because I have made it a hard and fast rule never to take advantage of a girl who was drunk."

"Well, I'm sober," she said. "And I'm getting cold, too."

I do not know quite how to describe the following few minutes. How shall I put it? There was her pink-lit lovely body . . . there was the singing of the liquor . . . there was the gaiety and thumping of desire . . .

I meant to tell you that she was one of those rare women who look rather pleasant in their clothes but who, when they are nude, startle you with the beauty of their bodies. It is like being surprised in your hotel room with breakfast in bed and *then* finding the waiter has left *you* a big tip.

Jane was one of those rare women who should never be allowed to wear clothes.

At any rate, we had reached that point, that perfect moment of enchantment just before ecstasy comes bursting into skyrocketry and spring arrives for a moment.

Suddenly the door burst open. (I had a hook and eye sort of catch on the door but a strong man could smash it easily.) The lights flashed on and there stood Wilfrid with a broken hockey stick.

"Excuse me," said Wilfrid, as Jane hid under the covers. "I'll sit down and wait."

I suppose he thought in his stupid way he was being awfully damn gentlemanly or something. Jane sat up and cried, "And you hollered at us entering a dressing-room!"

"Just ignore me," Wilfrid said. "I want to see this fellow when you get done."

Anyone but Wilfrid would have realized how absurd it is to try and recapture enchantment and then matter-of-factly conduct ecstasy as if it were measuring and selling a quarter of a pound of Genoa salami sliced thin.

"We were discussing the flaws in Kafka," I said, getting up and wrapping the spread around me.

"What's Kafka?" asked Wilfrid, tak-

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"But Mr. Abernathy, Dior says white gloves are *de rigueur*."



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mother, maybe. So he looked for a place to go.

He saw a group of people going into, and coming out of, a big restaurant called FELLOWS' RESTAURANT in red and blue neon lights that went on and off in the late afternoon grey. He decided if all those people were going in and coming out, that at least one of them must have had to go to the bathroom some time or other, and if that was so, then there had to be a bathroom inside. (Never say "I have to go wee-wee;" you should always say "I have to wash my hands," Moms had said to Robbie. Moms knew all about how to act when you were with other people.)

Robbie Blake, just like all those other people—well, not quite; shorter, perhaps, but pretty *much* the same—strode purposefully to the restaurant, and went through the revolving door. It was cool inside, and hard to see very well, but he walked around, and listened to the people eating and talking to each other. He stared over the shoulder of a man cutting a baked apple with a fork, and smiled when the man tried to get a piece too big into his mouth.

The man half-turned as Robbie smiled (was it a sound, not a smile?) and gave a snort of annoyance and looked angry. Robbie decided to move on.

This was a fine world; a fine, fine place to be a little boy, with people eating and talking and taking too big bites of baked apples.

The bathroom was still very important, but in a world as nice as this, well, such things can wait a few minutes longer. If you were doing something really important, sometimes you forgot about it altogether. And if you didn't, well, after all one can always cross one's legs and stand hidden in a corner, waiting.

Robbie knew the words to look for, and when he saw the door that said GENTLEMEN, he recognized MEN and went inside. A man with a bow tie and a blue shirt was washing his hands, and he saw Robbie in the mirror, and he chuckled softly, saying, over his shoulder, "Pop, this one yours?" and Robbie saw another man, wearing a white jacket, with a towel ready to be handed to the man with the bow tie.

THE MAN in the white jacket (oh, didn't he look nice and important all dressed up that way) gasped, and laid the towel down on the sink next to the fellow with the bow tie. He came to

Robbie very quickly, and took him by the shoulder, and dragged him out of the room that said GENTLEMEN. He pulled him through another door, and Robbie suddenly smelled all the wonderful brown and green and pink smells of food.

Food that called to him and said *I am meat! I am tossed greens! I am something you don't know, very nice!* It was a kitchen, bright with tubes of lights and gleaming with sparkling aluminum pans and big copper kettles and wall racks of huge mixing spoons and forks and beaters. Robbie wanted to faint with pleasure. Oh, such a *grand* world.

Then the man in the white jacket was kneeling in front of him, saying, "Boy, whatchu doin' here? You crazy or somethin'? You *know* you can't come in here!"

Robbie did not understand. He smiled nicely at the man in the white jacket.

"Hello," he said, politely, as Moms had taught him to do.

"Don't be smilin' at me that way, chile! I'm tellin' you it's trouble for you in here. They don't allow it!"

Robbie was confused, but he mustered another, tinier smile, and said to the man in the white jacket, "I hadda use the bathroom."

The man took Robbie to the swinging door that led back into the restaurant, and he pulled it open a crack so Robbie could peek through.

"Look," he pointed. "You see alla them people? *They* can use the bathroom, but not you. Now you g'wan get outta here befoah we all get hell!"

Robbie knew what was right. He was just like everyone there. He had a *right* to use the bathroom. He said so!

The man in the white jacket frowned and pulled the swinging door open again.

"Now look, boy, I mean *really* look. You see them? They *not* the same's you. They white. Now look at you, look at me. Take a real *good* look. Are we white?"

Robbie looked at his hand. It wasn't white, that was true. He looked at the man in the white jacket. He wasn't white, either. But what did that have to do with the bathroom? Did it mean he wasn't *ever* allowed to go to the bathroom? It would be very unhappy and painful if that was so.

Then the man in the white jacket—who was very black and almost bald, except for a few curlicues of wispy whiteness that came out of his scalp—was hauling Robbie to the back door of FELLOWS' RESTAURANT, and opening it into the alley, and putting Robbie outside in the growing darkness.

He paused, and bent down, and said, very softly, so the cooks and waiters and busboys rushing by would not hear him.

"Boy, someway you haven't been brought up right; din't yoah parents tell you how the way it is? You better learn, boy. You better hurry up and learn."

And he pushed Robbie gently, out onto a loading dock, and closed the door, the light narrowing to a splinter and then all gone, all gone, and with it the gleaming pots and the friendly smells and the grown-up people taking their too-big bites of baked apples. Robbie stood in the darkness and waited for something more to happen. But nothing more happened. Nothing at all.

Then he turned, ran to the edge of the loading dock, jumped down, and walked very quickly to the end of the alley.

FOR A very long time Robbie stood in a doorway, nothing but his eyes seeing out, his body, his strange black body hidden. He watched everyone as they went by.

He stared very carefully.

... as he had stared at the policeman.

... and the fat woman.

... and Bo Bo The Clown who was available (which seemed a nice thing to be).

And after a very, *very* long time, he felt he understood.

Then he went home.

It had been a full day, a surprising day—and one filled with learning things. Robbie Blake had learned what it meant to know, and what it meant to watch, and what it meant to live. Somehow, his education till then had been love and kindness from Moms, and respect from his sister and his three brothers, and no one had mentioned the Difference.

But now he knew.

Robbie Blake had learned many things this day. He had learned which colors were right, and which were wrong; he had learned what color hands must be to open certain doors, and what color thoughts must be employed to exist in the fine, fine nice world. He had learned when to lower his eyes.

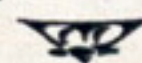
And most of all he had learned what it meant to be not a Negro, but a nigger.

And most of all he had learned:

It is not enough for a little boy to know his place in the Universe.

He must also know which Universe is his.

And *that* is what Robbie Blake learned that day.





# PEG OF YOUR HEART



*There's a good reason  
Miss Evans' lovely face is so familiar... You've  
seen her on TV commercials and  
Columbia record albums.*

PHOTOGRAPHY: LEE KRAFT/GLOBE



*Strong men upon meeting green-eyed Peggy Evans have been heard to*





*mumble, "Your hair is like a tortured midnight." Others hum a few*





*bars of "Black is the color of my true love's hair." What about you?*



# THE GATE OF HORN



commentary **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

*Cartoonist, author, songwriter, poet, artist—Shel Silverstein has done a lot of things—including a gig at the new Gate of Horn early this year. But he remembers, we all remember how it was . . .*





*They called it Newgate while it was building. And in the spring of 1961, owner Alan Ribback opened the doors of the new Gate of Horn just a few minutes after the last of the ladders had been hustled out of the showroom upstairs. The crowd poured into the elegant, teak panelled lobby and the tiered showroom, whose only decoration is huge, colorful paintings.*

*And the show was on! In the year since that opening night, all the regulars have appeared there: Odetta, Bob Gibson, Josh White, The Clancy Brothers and all the others. And some new things, too: a production of Leonard Bernstein's one-act opera, "Trouble in Tahiti"; Lenny Bruce; Oscar Brown, Jr.; a revue called "Stewed Prunes."*

*It's a long way from the smoky basement club Shel Silverstein talks about in the article here to this starkly beautiful, modern nightclub in the heart of Chicago's Rush Street entertainment district. A big jump for what started five years back as a tiny folk music nightclub patronized mainly by college students and the young kids who sometimes brought their own guitars and banjos into the bar for an after hours session.*

*There were two kinds of people there for the opening of the*



**I**'LL TELL YOU a little bit about the old Gate of Horn. It was in a basement. I don't mean a basement club, I mean it was just in a basement. Chicago is full of places like that. It was on North Dearborn Street and there was a door that said "Gate of Horn" and some steps that led downstairs and then when you got down there it had a sign on the door that said "use other door." So you had to climb up and go around the other side and there was another door that went down and you were in this

crowded little ante room, or whatever the hell it was.

The bar was off to the right. That's where you would find everybody mostly between sets. Either there or in the backroom—it was really more like backrooms plural and it was all like carved out of rock with bricks showing through. There was one bright light and you had to sit on the ashcans or lean against the icebox and that is where you would see Gibson and Camp tuning up to go on stage. Herb Brown was back there too, doing something great

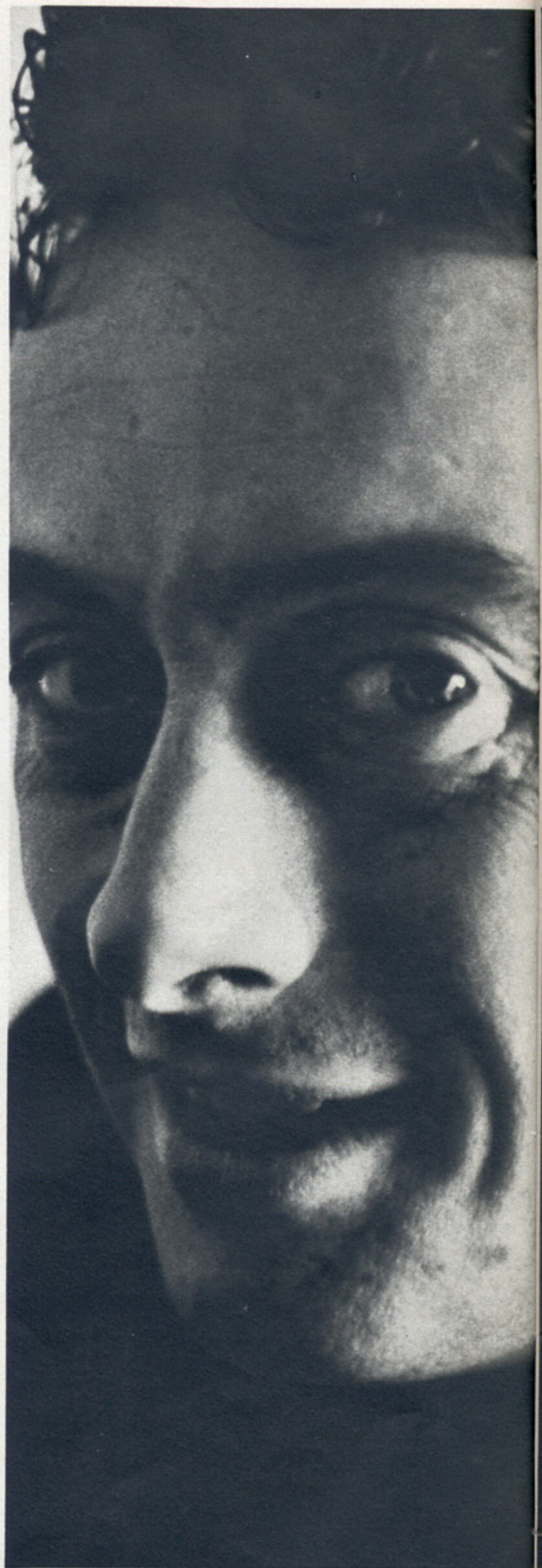




*new Gate. The ones who had never been to the old Gate of Horn, except maybe out of curiosity—they were there that night to see the “beatnik joint” gone respectable . . . and fashionable. And there were the others who had been a small part of the old Gate, who were there to see what had happened to their old hang-out. The new club was beautiful, the show was good, the old regulars were there. But all the elegance lacked one thing—the funky, in-group, I’m-at-home feeling of the old bar.*

*The new Gate has something else. A sense of assurance that folksinging, be it blues or bluegrass, is entertainment and not an anthropology seminar. The old “let’s not share it with the squares” attitude has matured into “let’s show them what it’s like.” Everybody knew everybody else at the old Gate of Horn. But the new Gate of Horn is where anybody, even conventioners from Muscatine, Iowa, can go to find respite from the sahara of high budget, low-mentality pap that passes for entertainment not only in night clubs, but in all the mass media.*

*The Gate of Horn may not be as much fun for the old members of the cult, but it has added a new dimension to the nightclub scene in Chicago—quality.*



with his bass but I never heard him say anything.

The final night there was really a blast. Everybody was wearing carnations and it was a full house and that English comedian Charles Lewsen was better than ever and Del Close did one of the wildest, funniest bits, I have ever seen.

Gibson, Camp and Brown they were up there singing, shouting and playing and stomping and wailing and yelping and barking and dropping raw eggs on the floor and yelling at Ray about the lighting and

wearing straw hats and drinking beer and joking with the audience and doing encore after encore and we did a set together on “Betty and Dupree” and we must have done fifty-five choruses and everybody in the club was screaming and it was great and if the walls had collapsed right then and there it would have been very poetic. But they didn’t.

They left their carnations laying around on the floor with the raw eggs and that was the end of the old Gate of Horn and I told myself I would come back





the next day and do a painting of it, but I never did.

I don't know what they do with it now. Maybe they filled it up with sand, maybe there is somebody storing canned salmon there, I don't know—maybe somebody turned it into a rumpus room, but it is gone and if you missed it you missed something.

Ribback has a new Gate of Horn now over on Rush Street and it is very fancy and there are carpets and velvet ropes at the door and everybody wears dark suits and ties and there are two floors with a bar

downstairs and a beautiful showroom upstairs and they say the acoustics are great. They have a lot of people to seat you and the waitresses have sort of costumes and they say it is greater and better, more beautiful than ever. They say it is better to work in, better to run and everything and maybe they're right.

But you should have seen the old Gate of Horn.  
(Reprinted from album notes, "Bob Gibson and Bob Camp at the Gate of Horn," Elektra, EKL 207, by permission.)



## MONA AT HER WINDOWS

Concluded from page 13

Three seeing-out windows into reality.

Three constantly-changing landscapes hung in the center of her walls. Three openings to the world. Three panoramic shadow-plays, always new, always vivid.

Into these three windows she poured all the unquenchable instincts a resigned soul could not damp. She planted her flowerpots, and she set up the foam pillows on the floor, and day after day, night after night (when she was not at work in the Catalogue Section of the New York Public Library filling out cards and making up indexes with her eyes that really did not see and her fingers that really did not feel), she stared into the world. It was far more fascinating to her than the cheap romance magazines or technicolored movies or the ridiculous adventures of the human puppets of the television set.

Hidden, recording, devouring and ugly, she stared into other people's lives as they traversed from one side of her sight to the other, and then were gone.

She watched them with an intensity a casual observer might call paranoid. She studied the moles on the faces of delivery boys; she studied the rough-knuckled hands of cleaning women on their way home from swabbing office floors late at night until seven in the morning.

She studied the exotic hatboxes and bouffant hairdos of the models, perhaps prostitutes, swirling and delighting their way away from passion; she learned the names of obscure freight companies and cartage firms from trucks roaring by; she absorbed the air and the beat and the life of the world that passed outside, by osmosis and by rote.

AS THE MONTHS passed into a year, and that year gave way to a second, in the windows of her world, Mona found a particular pleasure in imagining herself one with the girls who lived their brief but eventful lives on the streets outside.

A saucy brunette with a great flat leather portfolio under her arm would cross Mona's vision and in her window sanctuary Mona would merge with the brunette, knowing her feet were tired from having stood behind a perfume counter for eight hours. She would take heart, however, in the knowledge that now she was on her way to art school, where she would try to perfect her charcoal technique just a little bit more.

*And one day I'll be a very good artist, and work for one of the big women's slicks, and one of the models will ask me for a date, and I'll go with him to The Chateaubriand, and then he'll ask me to . . .*

As the brunette passed out of sight around the corner.

With the lights out in the apartment, the darkness providing a mummer's cloak, Mona picked up a slatternly blonde shuffling up 7th Avenue, pausing at the light, and empathically she entered the blonde's head, feeling her hands sinking into the side pockets of the alligator raincoat, wishing

*. . . that I was home in Cedar Rapids instead of going to meet Arnie, that stupe, that creep. But I suppose I'll marry him because if I don't, I'll never get those bills paid at Saks' and Klein's. He's not very good-looking, but at least he can make it in the rack, and hell, what am I after, Gregory Peck, or a meal ticket . . . ? If only he didn't have that ridiculous astigmatism, those dopey glasses with the tortoise-shell frames! He looks like an idiot. Well, hell, I can always make him go in for contact lenses after I get him . . .*

Into the restaurant and out of sight.

It went this way, hour and hour and hour after hour. One girl, two girls, three, four and more, always more, coming down the Avenue, crossing 23rd Street, leaving buildings and entering bakeries, pausing at traffic lights and whistling through the twilight mistiness to warm, happy worlds filled with Mom and Dad and chicken cacciatore for supper or perhaps small dark worlds peopled only by themselves and somebody named Joe or Sam or maybe David.

It was a whole new, vicarious, utterly satisfying life. And soon, Mona began to realize that she was better off than all of them down there in the street.

For *they* only had one life each, but she had thousands.

There were worse fates than merely being ugly and lonely. She knew *all* of those fates, because she was Everywoman, and experienced their brief walking-past lives more totally than any of them could.

She was each happy girl, every sad girl, all the pretty ones, and for a change the not-pretty ones. She thought their many thoughts, wore their many expressions, loved their many lovers, lived life to its very fullest. She thrived.

Yet there came a night . . .

In the dark painting that lived in her window, she saw, this night, a cheap-looking, but sensuous Puerto Rican girl in a thigh-length black leather car coat, beehive hairdo, smokey hose and overpainted face,

strolling liquidly, languidly, close to the buildings.

A pick-up girl, a loose girl, a scarlet Miss looking for a cheap five dollar John.

Mona's pale eyes swooped down and slid inside the girl, knowing her weariness at having to walk the streets for hours to

*. . . make another ten tonight or they'll lock my bags in the room, and I'll have to find a flop somewhere till I can get my clothes out.*

There was a stirring in the shadowed doorway, and the Puerto Rican girl who was Mona turned half toward the noise. A hand snaked out of the darkness and physically away!

Mona was suddenly wrenched, back to her place high in the window, watching terrified and mutely as the man half-pulled the tramp into the doorway.

Mona stared disbelieving as the alter ego that had been hers, a moment before, was thrown to the sidewalk. The man descended on the leather car coat, tore it open, and as Mona stared in horror, violated the streetwalker with an animal ferocity that forced Mona to bite her fist, stifle a scream, and finally to faint painfully away from her viewpoint into reality.

It could only have been a few minutes of unconsciousness, for when she pulled herself to her knees on the foam cushions, the Puerto Rican girl was still lying sprawled on the sidewalk, half into the doorway, her rouged face hidden, but her slim nyloned legs sticking out, awkwardly spread and limp, into the blind light from the streetlamps. Nobody had seen her.

Mona closed the window softly, pulled the shade, and went to bed.

When day came, it seemed somehow silent in her streets, and though Mona tried to regain a oneness with her women going by, it was useless.

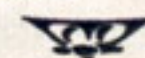
At eight o'clock that night—finally—she knew she had reached another junction of her existence. There were things worse than being ugly and lonely, and all of them were here, before these windows.

THAT NIGHT the windows were empty for the first time in years, but the streets had a new walker seeking whatever a capricious Fate chanced by her way first.


If there was a God for women who lived in windows, he would send an ugly boy with tortoise-shell glasses and a compassionate heart, rather than a ferocious animal.

The windows were dead eyes; life meant darkness and the streets of the world.

Mona said hello.





A black and white photograph of a vintage medical examination table, possibly a gynecological table, with a stethoscope and a bag on the floor. The table is ornate with a curved metal frame and a central vertical post. A dark hat is hanging from the top of the post. A light-colored, patterned cloth or garment is draped over the side of the table. A stethoscope lies on the floor next to a dark, rectangular bag.

# THE ROAD TO PILTDOWN or under the spreading remedy

**a perelman-like  
humorist takes  
a hippocratic  
look at one of the  
older  
professions**

**humor by  
Robert G. Elliott**

SINCE I SPEND every waking hour trying to keep abreast of the torrential outpouring of magazines that is recklessly spewed forth each month by the presses, it naturally takes me some time to catch up with every one. And it wasn't until recently that I became aware of the latest contribution to the cultural scene—what appears to be a parvenu in the magazine field doing business under the scarlet pennon of the Medical Confessions.

Now I realize that the confessions racket is a fairly lucrative bag for some writers, even at four cents a word, but these medical jobs—well, did you ever try to describe the taste of castor oil to someone who'd never had it? To begin with, the format of these things is the most incredible miscarriage of thinking that I've ever seen, from front to back, starting with the cover. For example, one of the magazines featured the unbelievable spectacle of a fresh faced girl, surely not over 15, complete with stethoscope dangling around her pretty little neck, and who, I was not surprised to learn, turned out to be a full-fledged doctor. She was calmly announcing in bold yellow type

PHOTO: RAY KOMORSKI



(she was on the prettiest blue background) a stirring declaration that would have made Sir William Osler blench, had he been about: "I Performed A Submucous Resection On The Nasal Septum Of A Married Casanova." Her patient, Married Casanova, was made up to look like a mechanical man, complete with fever-spots. He cringed helplessly on a stool in front of her, and looking up with understandable terror, and believe me, I don't blame him one bit. No sir! I know that if I had any pert little baggage pull *that* line on me, I'd damned soon ask to see her diploma before she got within ten feet of me.

Each and every story title is a tour de force of the English language—their rich, bold, spine-tingling prose lifting the hair from your scalp with sheer nausea, if not ennui. The jewels that set *my* pulse to racing were, "Intimate Interviews With An Oversexed Teen Queen," "10 Sex Problems That Shouldn't Happen To Two Dogs—One Dog Can't Handle Them," and "I Was In Love With My Married Nurse"—the latter innocent enough on the surface, until you realize it's a male patient talking about a male nurse.

On the page containing the publisher's statement, I noticed that the kindly American Medical Association had prudently withheld any seal of approval; but the people who put this monstrosity out were sporting enough to tell you that if you *did* happen to wake stone blind, or minus an arm and leg, you should consider seeing a qualified doctor. What he should be qualified to do is still a mystery, but that's how this new breed operates.

The question was still distressing me (and imparting a disoriented feeling to my navel) as I plowed into the first story. Before I had read two sentences, I had the answer; the damned things are *humor* magazines, so help me! Gallows humor to be sure, but the comic stamp is on them. To prove my point, I offer the following—called from countless pages of confession copy:

I'M AT YOUR CERVIX, MADAME

or,

*She Has Eight Malignant Tumors,  
And Tomorrow, They'll Benign*

by

Dr. Motley Carewe

"Well," I sighed with a satisfied sigh, as I hung up my shingle with a sigh of satisfaction, "now I am a doctor. A healer of men, a soother of the pain-ravaged, a tower of strength, a friend of the community (at \$15 per visit, no night calls, and soak the hell out of 'em in emergencies)."

"Whuffo you hangin' out dat ol' shingle, Massa Motley?" chortled a rich, Southern-type voice behind me.

I turned to see who it was, and there she was—my old retainer, Natalie Agatha Ann Claire Peabody, whom I affectionately called Naacp—a buxom, jolly, white-haired lady of some 80 summers and God only knows how many winters. She had been with me since birth, (my birth) and I remembered fondly how she had corned my pone and gritted my homilies on many an occasion when Mama and Papa had turned against me.

"Why, Naacp" I chortled back, grizzling her under her chin, "that means I'm a doctor, deed it do."

"Dat ol' shingle?" she confided, her bean-black eyes twinkling like black eyed beans.

"Well," I smiled ruefully—always ruefully, "they *all* put out a shingle. It says so in *Materia Medica*. Personally, I think it's pretty crummy, but tomorrow I promise I'll put out my doctor sign."

"Yuk! yuk!" she exploded, walking a cake back up the holystoned steps, "I *tho't* that was a moughty funny way fo' a doctuh to be sta'tin' out."

"How's that?" I asked jovially, my hand closing on a derringer I kept up my sleeve (I have *very* long fingers).

"Why," she gasped, edging away from me, "jes imagine a doctuh with *shingles*!"

I got her right between the eyes as she tried to duck, and I was truly sorry to see her go, but you have to show these savages who has the upper hand. Let 'em get a bit of an edge, and the copra can lay on the beach and rot til remittance time, for all they care.

I went inside (I *was* outside) and it was with mixed emotions that I sat down to await my first patient. My *first patient*! The words swam and sang thru my head, emerged from my ears dripping wet, and disappeared into the shower for a brisk towelling. Would it be a he? Or would it be a she? Or would she be a he? Mostly, would my patient pay cash, or try to get on the cuff first thing. Distract, I arose and strolled over to my *escritoire*, performed a thoracoplasty on it for practice, then proceeded to count my little cash reserve. Papa—old Colonel Mutinous Carewe—had left me a lagniappe in the form of some bills, which, when arranged in certain ways, formed a pattern that added up to \$12,000,000.00—mostly in \$50 bills. I was idly arranging them into rosettes and cartouches, when a knock came on my door. Startled, I knocked over a stack of bills, and grinned boyishly as the door swung open. Believe me, that door *swung*! Framed in the doorway was a lush, gorgeous red head, whose simple clinging gold lamé sheath re-

vealed every detail of her accoutrements to my professional eye.

"Why are you grinning boyishly, sir?" asked this wholesome little bon-bon. Her reedy voice was pitched a trifle high, but I fielded it with a nimble leap to retire the side, having played squash racquets as well as the numbers racket at Dislocation U.—praise be her name forever, hallelujah.

"Because you startled me" I said, regaining my composure, and bowing smartly from the knees. "Pray come in and tell me your name." My fatherly air didn't fool her one bit, and she came in and sat on my favorite horse hair couch, crossing her legs to reveal a gorgeous pair of hose. Glancing professionally at the tantalizing expanse of leg, I deduced that altho the gastrocnemius hadn't too much tonus, her extensor carpi radialis shaped up fine. Shifting my shifty glance to the north, I noted with keen satisfaction that her jutting pectoralis majors were a pair of killers.

"My name, sir" she said, smiling roguishly, "is Delicado Goober, I've heard all the cracks about it, and I am in need of your services."

My heart raced as I noticed her fine, trim figure, her winsome smile, her dancing eyes, her wholesome mien, and I figured that the stole she was wearing indicated a bank balance could easily overcome any aversions I had to her loathsome name.

"And what made you come to me?" I asked quietly, for I realized that here was, en fine, a delicate, sensitive, wealthy woman, and I wasn't going to frighten her away by any gruff mannerisms—not by a long shot.

"Well, Dr. Carewe" she said shyly, "you're new in town, I have an embarrassing problem, and I hear you're real cheap."

"Cheapness has the virtue of clarity" I murmured, leaning forward to get a better look at her cleavage.

"Gee!" she said admiringly, "who said that?"

"I did," I riposted smoothly. "And now I suppose you want a complete gynecological examination. They're all the rage, you know."

"You got to that gambit pretty fast, dad," she offered demurely, and she blushed a pretty shade of brown, which made me decide on the spot to do some research on her pigmentation. Noticing my cool, professional gaze on her cleavage, she said,

"Look, doctor, let's face it. You'll have me stripped to my skin in a few minutes, then you can get a good look. Can you wait?"

"Tosh, my dear" I said, upsetting a vial (or was it a vile?) of prussic acid and watching it eat a hole in the uni-

(Continued on page 77)





"Higgins, take these out for a refill."







# THE ENCHANTED LENS

MAGIC SCENES OF SUBTLE SHADING BY PHOTOGRAPHER LEE KRAFT

There is an old legend  
of a young girl who,  
wandering through an  
enchanted forest, comes upon  
an ancient crone—a witch.  
The witch is consumed  
with jealousy at the girl's  
fresh beauty and casts  
a spell on her,

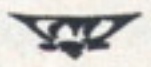










turning her into a dryad,  
or wood nymph.  
The captivating  
soft focus study  
on these pages  
somehow seems to cast  
its own spell—the freedom  
of youth, a long summer's  
afternoon . . . 



## NECESSARY NEGRO

Concluded from page 30

In any case, the impressionable white Liberal began to believe that the Negro was hip (forgetting that most Negroes were as square as most whites). To be hip was "in" so the white mimicked the black and called him friend.

Nor does this over-compensating adulation of the Negro stop with his hipness. It rears its unsightly head in music, in painting, in every branch of the arts.

The scene: a small gallery located in New York's West Side. Three artists and three photographers are showing their work. All are Negroes. Most of the prospective buyers are Negroes, too. But there are a few white faces in the crowd. And each white face has a wide, liberal smile etched upon it. After greeting the Negroes with hearty handshakes, the whites huddle together to pass judgment on the portraits before them:

"The loneliness of that picture! That single gull in the sky. You know by looking at it that the photographer has to be a Negro." Then, worshipfully, "They have such feeling!"

The same sort of "feeling" the Negro has for jazz, I suppose. The rhythm the Negro inherits; the instinct he has for grace and style; the Soul. Jazz historian Marshall Stearns says the Negro has always been the chief innovator in jazz. It is not important that we accept or question this theory, but I am sure he didn't mean that white jazz fans should use the statement as a reason for ignoring white musicians. White jazz club owners know it's to their economic advantage to hire all-Negro bands.

To all that has been said this far, add a final element: fear. The white man is afraid of the black because he knows the Negro is, at his base, anti-white. In his *Notes to a Native Son* James Baldwin shouts:

"There is, I should think, no Negro living in America who has not felt, briefly or for long periods, with anguish sharp or dull, in varying degrees and to varying effect, simple, naked and unanswerable hatred; who has not wanted to smash any white face he may encounter in a day, to violate, out of motives of the cruelest vengeance, their women, to break the bodies of all white people and bring them low, as low as that dust into which he himself has been and is being trampled . . ."

Baldwin speaking again: "In our image of the Negro breathes the past we deny, not dead but living yet and powerful, the beast in our jungle of statistics. It is this which defeats us,

which continues to defeat us, which lends to interracial cocktail parties their rattling, genteel, nervously smiling air: in any drawing room at such a gathering the beast may spring, filling the air with flying things and an unenlightened wailing. Wherever the problem touches there is confusion, there is danger. Wherever the Negro face appears a tension is created, the tension of a silence filled with things unutterable."

The Negro who attends a white man's party is a puzzling sort of being. ("Is he real?" Baldwin asks. "Or is he kissing ass?") Chances are, he is not a hipster, nor even particularly bright. No hip Negro would waste his time in such a square crowd. Unless, of course, the Negro is acting. Baldwin is only one of many Negroes who admit they spend most of their lives watching and outwitting the white man.

I am reminded of a cartoon Jules Feiffer selects as one of his own favorites. A Negro is speaking:

"In the old days I used to get invited to these parties, you know, where the hostess insisted they had to be integrated, you know? So they'd invite me.

"And I'd always meet a whole bunch of official-friendly people, you know, guys with strong handshakes, chicks who had to dance with me. It's not easy being robbed of a choice when the girl is ugly.

"And sooner or later a couple of these cats would get me in a corner and we'd all blow smoke at each other and be enlightened. And they'd want to talk about civil rights under the Democrats because there's nothing a Liberal loves better than being made to feel guilty. But I wouldn't touch it. I'd talk about my car and baseball and how dull foreign movies are.

"At their next party they had two Negroes—just in case the first one didn't work out."

What Feiffer is saying was summed up by Ned Polsky in a recent issue of *Dissent*: "Even if you're a very successful Negro and move in circles that include many hip white admirers and make it with some cool white chicks, you're still expected to play it like a spade . . ."

There are many things the white man wants from the black man—his vote, a "friendship" to counter his guilt and fear, status, a share of the Negro's symbolic sex drive, and hipness. But because he seeks these things, the phony Liberal demands above all else that the black man "play it like a spade." So long as he meets the Negro as a representative of the Negro race and not as an individual, he is "keeping the nigger in his place."

## COLD NIGHT

Continued from page 58

ing a firm grip on his broken hockey stick.

"An aged Roman cheese," I said.

"Look," Wilfrid said, "you did it on purpose, you and your Kafka."

"We're in the presence of a lady," I warned.

"Never mind, watch-stealer." The thought made him go to his pocket and take out the same old turnip he loved apparently like his mother. Or more.

He put the watch back and said, "You brought your girl into the dressing-room and got the players so upset we lost the game in the third period. It was deliberate. You're a Washington fan. I'm going to fix you. You probably cleaned up a bundle."

He raised the hockey stick to smite. I grasped him, trying to hold on to my spread, also.

We grappled. I think that's the word. I cried out all sorts of maledictions and curses. "Scum of the earth! Lice of the body of Beauty! Ignorance wallowing in a happy bed of warm manure! Filth embodied! Conformity embalmed! Soul-sucker!"

With each cry we got nearer to the door and then to the stair and then we rolled down the stairs and struggled out into the street, my covering spread long lost.

Bloody, bruised and gasping I managed to roll Wilfrid on to the ground. Lights began to appear in windows and far away a police siren wailed. The police did not bother me. I had covered police and had something on most of them.

In the struggle I found my hand on his watch. I tore it from its moorings, wrenched myself away from Wilfrid's grasp and ran down the street. I found an iron fence and I kept banging the watch against it tirelessly as the stunned Wilfrid tried to get to me.

It must have been a glittering sight, this nude figure in the dim light, fiendishly and gleefully dancing up and down, crying out in joy as the watch kept spewing out its life, kept breaking and spitting out cogs and jewels.

Finally there was nothing left but the case which I flung happily in Wilfrid's face just as he got to me and tried to grasp me. Elusive in my bare skin, now moist with fog, I evaded him and ran back into my room. Jane was quietly drinking bourbon.

"How's it going?" she asked.

"Good," I said, exultantly, my voice ringing with joy.

I flung on my robe and put on some slippers.

"Hurry back," Jane cried as I left. "We weren't finished."



I met Wilfrid downstairs surrounded by the police. There were two cars and I knew three of the four men. They greeted me cordially. Wilfrid started to rave and they shushed him and turned to me.

"This drunken character," I said, "tried to steal a watch of mine. He still has the case, I believe. He broke into my bedroom, frightening my wife. He then had the temerity to struggle with me and deliver several foul blows. Lock him up. I shall prefer charges in the morning."

The cops agreed and amidst Wilfrid's wild protests, they dragged him into the police car. One of the police took Wilfrid's battered watch case out of his pocket and threw it to me. I thanked him and hung the watch around my waist as a sort of pendant.

When I got upstairs Jane had poured me a drink. I sipped it, resting.

Jane said, "I heard you say that about your wife."

"It just slipped out," I explained.

"It shows you're gentle and protective as well as strong and aggressive."

"I'm glad you think so," I sneezed.

"Poor darling," said Jane drawing me toward her, "you're catching cold."

There were no more interruptions until the phone rang at two P.M. and my sports editor wanted to know what the hell I was doing when I was supposed to be at work.

I didn't tell him.

## ROAD TO PILTDOWN

Continued from page 70

versal solvent. "It really makes no difference. You see, my child, a body is a body to us professional-type doctors. Whether it's a man or a woman makes absolutely no difference."

"Then there's something wrong with you, doctor" she offered coyly. "Believe me, you're ill. Ever try psychiatry?"

"Yes, I did," I replied evenly, fenestrating my ears, "and I found it quite delectable—especially with sauce Bernaise."

Murmuring something that sounded like 'Oh God! Vaudeville with medicine yet,' she looked at me expectantly. Taking my cue from a passing pool shark, I said, "And now, child—your problem—and no names, please."

"Well, doctor," she began, "I hitchhiked all the way from Czecho-slovakia to be on your program—" and then she stopped. I saw her tense; past, present, and imperfect, and she drew a considerable amount of air into her chest cavity. Her rectus abdominus became rigid, her trapezius wavered, and her gluteus medius meshed with her gluteus maximus in one long, undulating motion. To my practiced eyeball, she was distraught—an incipient victim of the Korsakoff syndrome.

"To your practiced eye," she said

shyly, "I guess it's easy to see that I am distraught—an incipient victim of the Korsakoff syndrome. But, you see, it's my husband, Herschel Goober."

"There, there, child" I said civilly. "I'm not a marriage counsellor, but I'm sure I can help. Would you care to disrobe, and let me see if I can determine what this animal of a husband finds so repulsive in you?"

In a trice she had wriggled out of her clothes, and was up on the table—feet in the stirrups. As I glanced impersonally at her gorgeous, warm, naked, pulsating body—the thrusting breasts—the apple-firm buttocks—the tapering, silky legs, I took my blood pressure, and found to my amusement that the diastolic had changed places with the systolic, the two had collided, and together had shattered the sphygmomanometer beyond repair.

I examined her minutely, amid many a squeal and giggle, and found that, aside from a slightly ventriculated orbis (a common fault in women her age) she was in perfect shape. As I coolly laid aside my proctoscope, I said coolly (I was shaking), "Dear little child—your body—that repository of all that is beautiful—it is like a perfect machine." Tapping her playfully here—and there—and *there*, I giped, "I can't see how Herschel has any right to kick about *that* swinging chassis, kiddo."

"Oh," she giggled, "it's not that. He thinks my body swings too."

"Then why did you leap into the examination so precipitately?" I inquired in my most engaging tone.

"That?" she asked volubly. "Hell, doctor—I just like to take off my clothes at the drop of a hat."

"In that case" I said loftily, remembering that at all times I was a practitioner of the healing arts, "I'll send out for a sack of Hombergers, and we'll drop them as long as I can function."

"Hold the onion on mine" she shot back whimsically. "Is that all for the time being, dear doctor?"

"For the nonce" was my cool rejoinder, and I turned my back modestly to get a better view of her in a mirror I had rigged for obscene angles. She quickly wriggled back into her minimal clothing, and I had to admit she was a pretty little pastiche, with her sweet features, her saucy mien, and her juicy, nutty measurements that set me salivating.

"Now my dear" I said, adjusting my pandemonium, "your problem with Herschel?" Her insolent glance traveled up and down my spare frame, and she giggled viscously, while I flushed several quail from the tarmac.

"Pray continue" I replied, going to the window and drawing the blinds.





"Glooyrooney, Dr. Carewe" she expostulated. "I didn't know you could draw too."

"Only Venetian blinds and flies" I replied riotously. "Now. Please?"

"O.K., doctor" she said, after she had stopped laughing at my latest jape. Crossing her legs and demurely hitching her skirt up to her sensuous thighs, she became serious. "Better prepare the oxygen, doc" she said. "This thing's going to open up a new field in aberrations."

Stretching out on my hookah and lighting a rose-tipped Sweet Caporel, I said languidly, in the manner of Lord Harry Wootin, "Pray, proceed."

"Well," she began, "this nut Herschel—my husband, is, as you probably know, the owner of the Herschel Goober Chocolate and Artifacts Company, the largest manufacturer of tempting sweetmeats within the limits of the United States."

"How unfortunate his first name was not Hershey," I murmured indolently, flicking ashes into the reticulor.

"Some crumb in Pennsylvania beat him to it" she tinkled. "Anyhow, we're rotten with money, and I should be leading a life of ease and indolence, and open refrigerators like Betty Furnace but—" She paused, stumbling over her words. I picked them up and returned them to her, after gently washing them off with tincture of green soap. She gave me a shy smile of contempt, and continued.

"It's just that our life together—the life that started out as a perfect love idyl—" and again she stopped, this time giving way to a freshet of tears which I had picked up at the florist's.

"There, there" I said, putting my fatherly hand on her sensuous thighs. "Tell kindly Doctor Carewe. You do trust me, don't you?" She nodded, smiling bravely. "Well then, Delicado—if I may call you that—" I said, "is it your sex relationship that bothers you?"

"God, no!" she expiated. "Not that! I won't let the bastard lay a hand on me, normal sex-wise. He's much too gross—too, too—shall we say, *outré*?"

"Allright," I said affably, "let's say *outré*." We joined hands and said 'outré' together, deriving a strange sexual thrill which I will examine later, and she resumed,

"It's this fetish the crazy son-of-a-bitch has that's making me old before my time" she said kindly.

"And what is this strange fetish?" I queried gullibly, eyeing her lush torso with a clinical thermometer, and anticipating some really aphrodisiacal scandal. Playing nervously with her extremities, she continued,

"Every night, when he gets into

what he calls his mood, we repair to the recreation room, as he calls it. Actually, it's something right out of the Comte de Sade—with Gilles de Rais thrown in. So he undresses me by hand, then—and I want you to dig *this*—he covers me from head to toe with red and green trading stamps, then just sits and rocks and says, "God damn, baby! You look just like a mother-loving Christmas tree!" Over and over—the same, monotonous threnody." Here she broke down completely, and had to be towed into a nearby garage for repairs.

To say that I was taken aback by this display of virtuosity would be putting it exactly right. I was taken aback. I'd run into some pretty wild stuff in Psychol. Abnorm III with old Doc Croffut, but this was the end. I longed to hear the beginning.

"What else does he do?" I asked, licking her lips in anticipation.

"That's the whole bit, dad, and that's not too bad. The bitchy thing is when he insists that I pull them off, one by one, and man, when that mucilage hardens—WOW! You can imagine what that does to my nervous system, as well as my ductless glands." Here she withdrew from her gold lamé antimagassar a drawing of her nervous system, and for an amateur at anatomical drawing, it was pretty awful, I must say.

Actually, I had no idea what it did to her nervous system, and I couldn't care less, but I had a good idea as to what happened to that flesh, and I had to repress a professional chuckle. The patients one meets in the wonderful world of medicine! All the sacrifice—the long hours—the Agony and the Ecstasy—the gruelling internship—the visiting nurses—these people make it all such a waste of time, such a DRAG.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Tugging my ear lobe and hastily cramming rough-cut shag into my crusty mouth, I intoned, "Delicado, tell me. Those green stamps. Do they impart a tingling sensation to your epidermis—the same one you get when you cover it with a mixture of toothpaste and cantaloupe rinds?"

"The same, kindly Doctor Carewe" she said in amazement. "But—"

"But me no buts" I said heartily, in the manner of Martin Chuzzlewit, "we've found the cause of your blushing such odd colors. The secret of your *air de distrait*! The mucilage in those green stamps is fortified with a petrified solution of involute crannis, which permeates your pigmentation sacs, and causes you to come alive with all those weird colors when you blush, and which causes your embarrassment, as well your ridiculous appearance. To

hell with your husband for the nonce. It's you we must save now."

"Are you sure, doctor?" she quavered.

"Sure I'm sure," I said. "I remember well in my classes in Socio-Ec-Zoo—Phys Ed-Bio IV with old doc Dunnerheilig, when—"

"Look, Motley," said Delicado affectionately riffling my aplomb, "you're sweet, but for Christ's sake, can we get to my point? What do we do now?"

"Simple, child," I said. "Operate. I'll have to flush out your ducts, add Fallopian solution to your intake tubes, arbitrate your non-pigmented soffits and inject a standard solution of hyperbolic muck into your swallowing."

"Holy Mackrel, Kingfish!" she said, "is it serious?"

"Any operation is serious in poor hands," I said gently, moving my hand further up her leg, but with my advance fee, I'll have mighty rich hands."

"Wonderful!" she cried, bringing a letter opener down on my knuckles, "I just have the feeling you can do it."

"You bet I can do it, if I can get half a chance," I muttered ruefully, for the mink had drawn blood from my sensitive hands.

"Later, honey," she said, winking lewdly. "First the healer of humanity, then the lover. Allons a l'hospital!"

Figuring there was no use pumping a dry well until it was primed—a little gem I picked up in Med—Bio—Psych II—we went blithely to Killdare Hospital, and while Delicado wriggled out of her clothes I announced over the intercom, in my suave professional tones, "Calling all surgeons—calling all surgeons to the amphitheater. I will perform a deep seated pigmentation ionization at 0100 hours. Refreshments in the foyer, and immediate seating in the balcony. That is all."

That was all for me too, because next day I was sacked for acting humorously in a hospital, but I had other fish to fry at the moment. I selected a beautiful speckled trout and quickly fried it, then I watched as Delicado was wheeled into surgery. I wanted her in the amphitheater—in fact, I wanted her *anywhere*—but the Head Clown said surgery, so in she went. I followed Gravely, my assistant. The patient was prepared, which was more than I could say for myself, and closing my eyes, I began.

Conflicting feelings raced through my mind as my cool fingers deftly guided the keen knife unerringly to its goal. Miss Barton wiped the perspiration from my brow, and thanking her, I paused to wipe the perspiration from her brow, offering to give her a shower after the operation. She winked lewdly, and I resumed. Slicing dex-



trously thru bone and muscle and nerve endings and tissue and ligaments, I suddenly came upon the spleen, and realized I was in the wrong section of the body. A wave of laughter greeted me from the balcony, and I acknowledged it with a bow and a wave. Switching tactics, as well as knives, I soon came upon the elusive pigmentation sac, drained it, fibrillated the raffis, antagonized the anaestheologist, pinched Miss Barton, checked the bile ball, checked for trennilated red-dis, and closed the incision with a snap. As Delicado was wheeled away, I withdrew from the amphitheater to thunderous applause, and noted, with a grim smile of satisfaction, that Walter Kerr was scurrying up the aisle to get to his typewriter. I leaned against a handy wall, gray with fatigue, but happy. I knew now that everything would be all right, barring about a thousand things that could go wrong.

"Well," I said quizzically (to myself) as I heard a car skid outside, "that's the brakes." Miss Barton, proud breasts erect, taut buttocks erect, her beautiful face shining, sidled up to me. "You were magnificent, Dr. Carewe—simply magnificent" she lisped.

"Thank you, Honora—Miss Barton" I said simply, sidling back at her.

Suddenly she was upon me like a tigress, pressing her lusting flesh into me. "My God," I said to myself. "What hi jinks go on behind the sacrosanct walls of your Friendly Hospital!"

"How about that shower, toots?" she breathed. "I'll even bring the soap."

"You always were a slippery one,"

I replied gently, putting her hands where they belonged. "Let's go." Needless to say, the shower was the most stimulating thing I'd had in ages—despite the narrow confines of the shower stall.

Later I dressed in my professional doctor's outfit, to saturate Delicado with the doctor image, and entered her room. She smiled shyly up at me thru the forest of aspidistra I had sent, and kicking aside the mountain of chocolate bars Herschel had wired, I took her hand.

"Hello, darling" I said, gruffly, to conceal the lump in my throat. "I guess by now you know that I always cared."

"Yes, dear," she said. "From the moment you examined my bank balance, as well as my lazy colon, I knew we were fated to be one. Herschel was wonderful. He consented to a divorce, which I have in my purse." She blushed prettily—a standard, normal shade of scarlet, and she seemed delighted with the change.

"Honey" she said coquettishly, "do you know what? I blush all over! I just discovered it."

Going coolly to the door, I locked it, and deposited the key in my mouth.

"We'll see about that" I said, archly, timing my leap.

"One thing, Motley," she said primly as she threw the bed clothes aside to reveal her pulsing corpuscles. "That damned cold stethoscope. Take it off, will you—please?"

I did, graciously; and we did, gloriously.

## DEATH OF A BANDIT

*Continued from page 38*

crooning the Hawaiian War Chant, his heart gave a sudden jerk, and he was aware of a figure watching him.

It was perched halfway up the side of a dune, grey against the bone-white sand, terrifying in its silence.

"How!" Webb said, wondering why he was not more alarmed. "Where sun rise, white man's land; where sun set, red man's land. Force brandy between my teeth."

There was no answer. He took a step forward. "Good evening. My name is Webb, Ben Webb. At least I think it is. I'm drunk and disorderly. Have you got a leviathan handy?"

As he came closer, he saw it was a girl wearing a darkish bathrobe. She was squatting on her hams like a savage, fists pressed against her mouth, her wet fair hair plastered to her head by the spray. Webb sat down, not too close, and pulled out cigarettes.

"If you've been thrown out with the rubbish," he said, "I can't understand Fire Island. There are girls and crows out here, and you are by no means a crow. What was it, conspicuous waste?"

She took a breath, and then released it without saying anything.

"I think the garbage collector's a fool. Doesn't he scavenge? If you're flotsam, jetsam, lagan or derelict, I claim you. Cigarette?" Webb lit two cigarettes after a long quarrel with the wind, and handed one over. The girl accepted it with a hand that was so cold it felt reptilian.

"Been swimming?" Webb inquired.

"Yes," she said at last.

"All alone?"

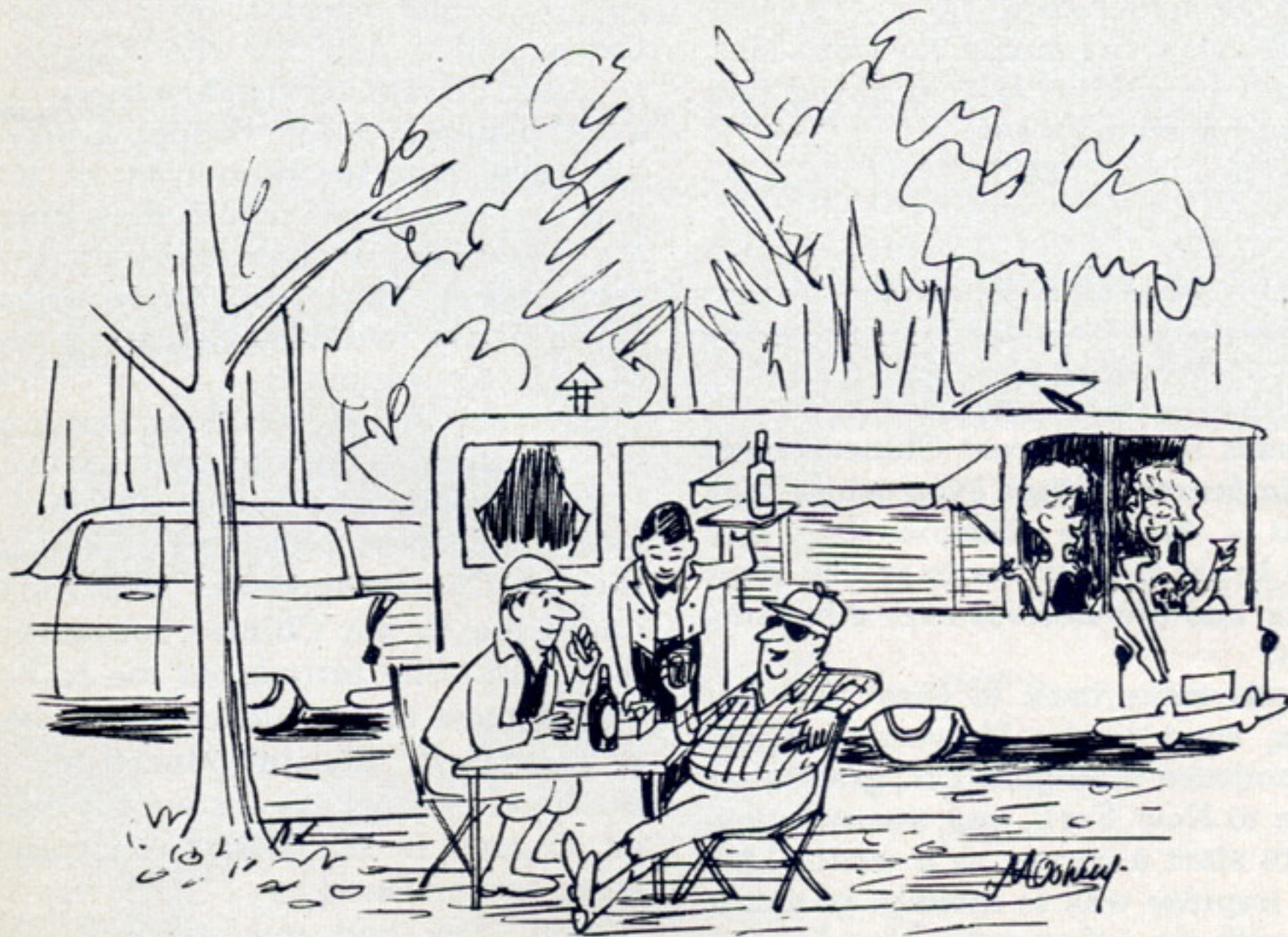
"Obviously."

"Pretty girl like you? Who'd you fight with?"

She shook her head once, but her hand trembled as she dragged on the cigarette. "They used to have a swimming problem in China, did you know?" Webb chatted. "They were awful prudes and it was a horrible breach of etiquette to touch a woman. They never could make up their minds whether to save a drowning woman at the cost of touching her. Even Confucius was stumped, and he dedicated the entire Year of the Monkey to the problem."

"You're not funny," she said.

"I think I'm adorable," Webb said, "but that's because I'm plastered. I'm intoxicated by this island. It's all sensation. Do you know a dreadful woman named Glenna Crane? She hates her son." The girl didn't answer. "Do you know an agency man named Stacy? I'm his guest." She lowered her



"Roughing it like this makes a man feel like a young buck again, eh, B. R."



head. "Well, all right, do you know six girls in Frenchy's bar?"

"Go away," she said.

"Just trying to be sociable," Webb said amiably. "It's the new me. It occurred to me that you might be meeting a new you tonight, and the two of us could get along. Mine's a bandit. What's yours?"

"You talk and talk."

"I bet Tug Stacy that I could catch a leviathan tonight. Would you be willing to stand in for one? We could get away with it. I'll teach you how to make a face like a herring."

"Please go away."

"I can't, I'm too drunk. Anyway, this is too romantic to break up. I'm not really romantic by nature, you know. I was trained as an architect, and architects are notoriously square. I'm not an architect now. I'm a picture editor, and four photographers out of five stammer. That's a lie," Webb added, surprised. "I'm possessed."

"You too?" she asked, not surprised.

"All of us."

"Then we should leave us alone."

"When I was young on Madison Avenue a few years ago, I had a romantic dream that was like us now. Can I tell you? No. May I tell you?"

"Tell me."

"I would be walking in Central Park in the snow at midnight, and a beautiful nude girl wearing spectacles would run up to me and beg protection from the formidable Professor Moriarty whose treatise upon the binomial theorem had a European vogue. Perhaps you've noticed that I don't resemble Sherlock Holmes, but tell me this, why does she have to be wearing spectacles? That puzzles me."

She burst into a shaky laugh and stared at him. Then she slowly opened the robe, like a bird raising its wings, and said: "I'm sorry, I don't wear glasses."

Webb looked at her for a long moment. "This island was invented," he murmured. He knelt forward and gently pressed his palm between her breasts. Her heart was pounding furiously.

"Suddenly I'm shy," he said.

"No. Be quick. Be selfish."

"But—No. No. I know enough to stop talking now," Webb said quietly, and was silent for a long time after.

When, spent and shaken, he lit two more cigarettes and handed her one, he felt her clasp his wrist before taking the cigarette. Her fingers were still icy. "Thank you," she said.

"I ask no questions," Webb smiled. "I'm too happy. So let's swim. Let's run. Let's build a log cabin and start a new civilization." He whirled his makeshift fishing line over his head. "Let's fish and catch the leviathan."

He pulled the girl to her feet. "Come down to the water. Anything is possible tonight. I've already caught you. Now I can catch galleons, sunken treasures, the Atlantic cable . . ."

He whirled his line like a lariat and cast it out into the surf, pulled it in and cast again. "Where are you?" he shouted. There was a ponderous tug on the line and Webb whooped in triumph. "I've got a bite, by God! A bandit can do anything tonight."

Twenty feet of twine whipped out in a moment. Webb capered and howled and began hauling in. The leviathan ran out to sea again, and then permitted Webb to drag it back. It hesitated and then surged seaward and the knotted end of the twine ran up into Webb's fingers. He plunged naked into the surf, still holding a leash on his fish, but laughing and choking.

He threw himself on his back and frog-kicked toward shore, keeping the line tight. He saw a flash of white in the surf before him, found footing and began pulling in cautiously. A white form rolled over in the combers and was suddenly washed up to his feet. It was the body of a child.

"Come here! Quick!" he called to the darkness. His voice was strangled. He lifted the body and carried it up the beach. He placed it on the sand and began untangling the line. "Where the hell are you?" he shouted furiously. "Come here. This is serious."

She appeared abruptly and saw the body before Webb could speak again. She started to moan. She sank down, removed her bathrobe, and wrapped it around the little figure. She held it in her arms, and looked once at Webb. Then he understood.

"I'll carry her home for you, Mrs. Bruce," he said at last, knowing that it was his own funeral.



## BESTER'S WORLD

*Concluded from page 6*

It seems that the great Chinese chefs are so secretive that even when they adopt a favorite disciple they still can't bring themselves to reveal their tricks, and die without ever disclosing them.

Linda came back to Hawaii in her teens, went to the University where she majored in English Lit., graduated, came to New York, and was now trying to start a career as a writer. My first impulse was to attempt to dazzle her with the information that I was a professional author. Some instinct made me hold back; but I was determined to do something about that inscrutable quirk in the corner of her mouth.

I bided my time all through classes in boning chicken, roasting duck, and shelling lobsters. My opportunity came with Egg Foo Yong. This is an omelet cooked in the Wok, and the problem is how to turn it. Linda carefully demonstrated how to slide the omelet out of the Wok onto a plate, clap a second plate on top of the first, turn them over, and then slide the omelet back into the Wok.

"I should think it could be flipped like a flapjack," I remarked casually.

Her mouth quirked. "All right, come and show us," she challenged.

The twenty crows gasped and giggled. I went up to the head of the class, took hold of the Wok, made sure the omelet was loose at the bottom, breathed a silent prayer to Charlie Chan, and heaved. The Egg Foo Yong went up, turned over, and came down, spattering me with sizzling peanut oil. I didn't care. I'd turned that inscrutable quirk into a delighted laugh, and she actually reached out and patted me.

I didn't waste any time. After the class I took her out for a drink and sprang the convincer: I was a writer by trade, and was actually taking the course to get a story out of it. "You'll make a wonderful feature, Linda," I lied. "I'd like to interview you, but not in the class; I don't want to make the other students self-conscious. What would you suggest?"

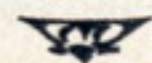
"What's the matter with right here?"

"Not in a bar. We need some place where we can talk quietly." I took a beat. "How about your place? I'd like to see how you cook at home."

Her mouth quirked, but she nodded, gave me her address on Riverside Drive, and a date for the following evening. I went up there with everything planned: a few drinks, a token interview, out for dinner at an impressive restaurant where they knew my name, half a dozen Stingers, and then back to Riverside Drive where I would take two from Column A and three from Column B.

She met me at the door, wearing one of those exquisite and exciting Chinese pencil-thin gowns slit up the side. The apartment was delightful, sort of Chinese-modern. She introduced me to the Chinese formalities of a visit. She introduced me to her two Siamese cats, as delicate and lovely as herself. She introduced me to the handsome young restaurant owner, dressed in Madison Avenue uniform, her husband.

Well, I've had my revenge; I've turned Linda into a magazine piece. But I tell you, the Chinese are a race apart; they always know what you're thinking.





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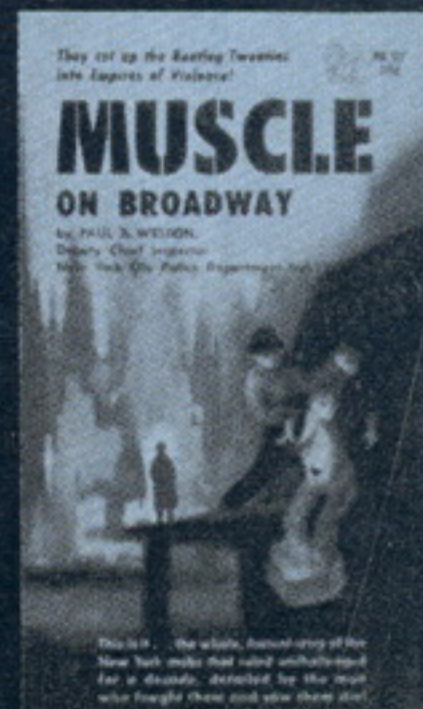


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